

# SIDE LIGHTS ON THE ORIENT

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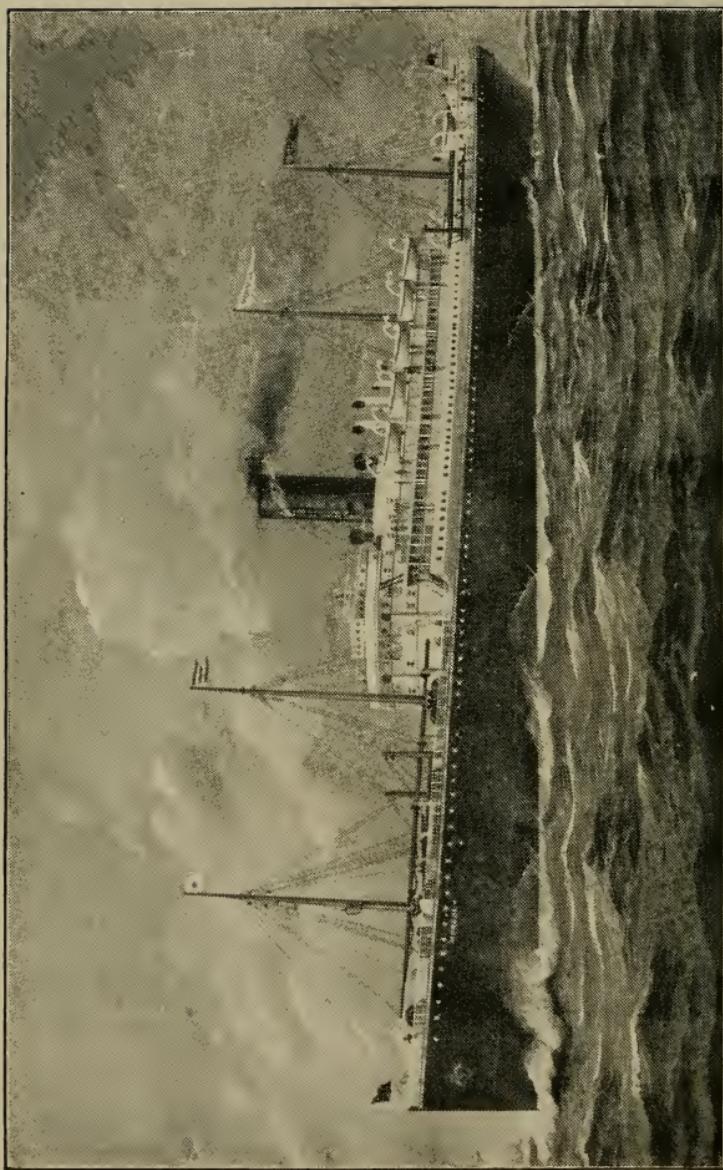


SIDE LIGHTS ON THE ORIENT.

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GREYHOUND OF THE PACIFIC.

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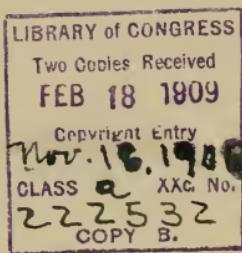
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BY

WALTER R. LAMBUTH



NASHVILLE, TENN.; DALLAS, TEX.  
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH  
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1908



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*To the children in hundreds of Methodist homes and parsonages who at the table and around the fireside have been eager listeners to the writer's stories of travel and adventure, these notes from the Orient are affectionately dedicated.*



## FOREWORD.

THESE pen sketches were made during a flying visit to the Far East. There has been no attempt at a systematic description of the countries visited. The writer only intends to give the young reader a more realistic idea of the lights and shadows playing over some of the world's thoroughfares and bypaths; something of human need and God-given opportunity to meet that need. If it has been possible to awaken and stimulate a desire to know more about the interesting people who live in the lands beyond the sea, and who are being brought nearer to us every day, he will be amply rewarded for the time spent in turning these side lights upon the traveled way.

MAPLE TERRACE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

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## I.

### TRAVELING ON THE ROOF OF THE CONTINENT.

HERE we are climbing up the roof of the American continent! Kick a barrel of flour eastward from Denver, and it will roll into the Mississippi River. This would seem to be a long roll, but the incline down the eastern slope of the roof of the continent is so continuous that such a feat would almost be possible. It is a rare sensation to be traveling on a train in midair, running along at an altitude over thirty times higher than the tallest church steeple. Pike's Peak, in the Rocky Mountains, can be seen one hundred miles to the west of us rising into cloudland 14,147 feet above sea level like a great sentinel of the mountain range which divides the East from the West.

As we rush along toward Cheyenne I am reminded of an incident which occurred when I was a boy on the way from San Francisco to New York. A great herd of buffalo came swinging along the plain on the left of us with a big black bear trotting along behind, tongue lolling

out, and doing his level best to keep up. Chasing hard after them all were two Indians riding bare-back, rifle in hand, leaning forward in their eager desire to secure some of this big game.

Hardly ten minutes elapsed before our conductor lost his hat by thrusting his head too swiftly out of the window. To the surprise and amusement of the circle of onlookers, his pate was bare and shining as if a single hair had never dared to grow upon the spot. An explanation and a story gave the passengers a clue to the conductor's embarrassment, for he had lost his wig as well as his hat. The year before while the road was under construction he and another railroad hand had ventured three hundred yards out on the plain to a spring under a big rock to quench their thirst. A number of Indians in ambush fell upon them, killed his companion, and drove an arrow clear through his own body. Falling upon his face, the enemy supposed he was dead and skillfully relieved him of his back hair with a sharp knife, carrying his scalp away with them. In an hour or so our hero recovered consciousness, pulled the arrow out of his breast, and staggered back to the camp, where he soon recovered, and was promoted by the company to a safer and more responsible position.

Our giant locomotive has plowed through

Echo Canyon on its way to the West. We have reached Ogden, in the center of a beautiful little valley, and realize that we are not far from Salt Lake City. This center of Mormonism is a little over fifty miles to the south and overlooks Salt Lake. Whatever we have to say about their morals and their religion (and we cannot indorse either one), the Mormons have been industrious and enterprising from the day they reached the shore of this great body of briny water. Out of nothing they have created a center of industry and trade which is a distributing point for hundreds of miles around.

The Union Pacific Railroad formerly ran round the northern shore of the lake; but now we find our train dashing over a trestle eighteen miles long, built through the northern arm of the lake, thus saving many miles of road. As we stand on the rear platform and look upon this body of water it is difficult to realize that it is so dense that you can float on your back and read a newspaper held up in your hands; or that while floating in this way an umbrella can be hoisted, and one can actually sail through the water like a boat if the breeze is strong enough. The water is so salty that no fish can live in it. In this respect it resembles the Dead Sea. Riding over the beautiful expanse of blue below us, our eyes

resting upon the snow-capped mountains clothed by the setting sun in a light of heavenly purple, it is hard to realize that on yonder receding shore is that plague spot of sin which has eaten its way into many a home and destroyed the happiness of many a life. I am sorry to say that the Mormons have sent their missionaries down into Arizona, that they have a colony in Mexico, and that they are trying to extend their religion among the Hawaiian Islanders.

On we go for a number of hours through the sagebrush of Nevada, and then begin to climb the Sierras, which form the eastern boundary of California. Two locomotives with labored breath are now pulling our heavy train, and as we rise to a height of five thousand feet we begin to get into the snow, which hangs from the branches of the pine trees and is piled up twelve feet deep in many places on both sides of the track. Once more we find ourselves on the rear platform looking backward through the long tunnels made by the snowsheds, forty-two miles in length, and which at great expense must be kept up in order to save the road from being overwhelmed by snowdrifts or avalanches that come sliding down the mountain side. A gentleman and a lady are sitting near us on camp stools. As the brown smoke fills the snowshed a curious sensation

comes over us. You see the outlines of the two figures, then only their eyes, and then they vanish altogether and we cannot see each other; but as we look up the electric light just over our heads seems like a far-off star in the midst of smoke and cloud, appearing like an eye of fire looking down upon us from some other world. Five minutes more, and the smoke clears away as we dash out of this snowshed among the snow fields. But here we go into another, and so on, up and up until the crest of the Sierra Nevada Mountains has been reached. At last we round Cape Horn and look down through our car window on the left from our dizzy height into valleys far below us, where the pine trees seem only an inch high, and where a mountain stream has dwindled to a mere silver thread as it winds about on its journey to the Pacific Ocean. Down, down we go, almost flying over the steel rails, until we leave the dazzling snow far behind and find ourselves in the midst of meadows and orchards, where peach trees are in bloom and where cherry blossoms make the landscape so beautiful that it seems as though we had passed from arctic regions into Paradise.

Sacramento, the capital of California, is reached; then we steam on toward Oakland on the bay, reaching our destination a little after

dark to find Dr. C. F. Reid, Superintendent of our work among the Orientals on the coast, awaiting us. He takes us to his home, and we are soon a part of the family circle gathered about the fireside, after enjoying a real home dinner prepared by the hospitable hands of Mrs. Reid and Sun, her Korean cook.

Dr. Reid went to China as a missionary in 1878 from the Kentucky Conference. For nearly twenty years he was actively engaged in work in Shanghai and Soochow, where he built missionary residences and churches, and from which centers he carried on evangelistic work along the canals and through the country. While associated together we made a tour through the country, when we preached from the bow of our boat and on the canal banks wherever the people could be gathered. As we returned home on the last day of our trip, after having preached seven or eight times since morning, night overtook us as we crossed a great stone bridge which led to a Chinese village. The villagers were out in front of their houses eating their simple meal, with rice bowl in one hand and chopsticks in the other.

The Doctor suggested that we sing a hymn standing on the steps of the bridge, gather the crowd, and preach once more. We were too hoarse to try to sing, so we whistled "Jesus, Lover

of My Soul." As the Chinese do not know how to whistle, it immediately attracted attention, and in less time than it takes to tell it we had a congregation of over one hundred people. We both preached, telling the old, old story that we had told so many times during the day, and went on our way, thankful that we had one more opportunity to point these simple-hearted people to the Way that leads to God.

In 1898 Dr. Reid went to Korea with Bishop E. R. Hendrix, and there they opened the Korea Mission, of which the Doctor was made superintendent, in which work he continued for a number of years. He now has charge of the night schools for Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans in Los Angeles, Oakland, Alameda, and San Francisco, Cal., under the Woman's Home Mission Society, which is doing a noble work on the coast. In the schools in Oakland and Alameda there are a number of young Japanese who are working their way through the State University at Berkeley. Some of these came from our schools in Japan and some were already members of our Churches around the Inland Sea. To minister to these young men is to guard them from temptation, to inspire in them high ideals, and to send them back to their native land better qualified for the great work that lies before them. This is an enterprise worth

all of the time and money expended upon it, and I take pleasure in expressing my appreciation of the sympathy of the good women of our Church and their devotion to these needy young men—a devotion which should inspire us all to do more for the homeless and friendless immigrant who comes to our shores.

Over forty have been received into our Church through these schools during the last two years. In the school in Los Angeles one of the members, a Chinaman, in his zeal and desire to do something for God and his own people, is undertaking the support of a native missionary in China who can work for Christ while he makes the money with which to support him.

In the same city there is the Homer Toberman Deaconess Home and Hospital. This is a memorial by Major Toberman for his son, Homer. With the gift of \$6,000, to which he and his good wife have added other sums, a home for our deaconesses has been built by Dr. Reid and a hospital ward added which, under the Misses Elliott and the nurses, is doing a noble work.

## II.

### THE INDIAN BEAR HUNT.

THERE stands in the grounds of the State Institute for the Deaf and Dumb in Berkeley, Cal., facing the Golden Gate, out through which the great steamers sail for Japan and China, a bronze statue styled "The Indian Bear Hunt." It is such a wonderful piece of work that I have been to see it several times. A mortal combat is in progress between two stalwart Indians and a powerful grizzly bear. It is a life and death struggle, and illustrates the fearful odds with which primitive man contends when he meets brute force on the same level and almost single-handed. The group in bronze is also an illustration of the love of offspring, even among lower animals, and of the fierceness with which the mother will fight for her young.

The bear stands on her hind legs and grapples with a tall, muscular Indian, who, with tomahawk lifted high in air, is endeavoring to deliver a crushing blow upon the bear's head. She has him at a disadvantage in that his arm is held like a vice in her jaws until one can almost see the biceps muscle being torn in shreds from the bone,

and hear the crunching of the bone between her teeth. Her right foreleg presses the Indian's side, and with claws imbedded in his groin it is evident that in another minute, if he cannot extricate himself, his very vitals will be torn from him.

Prostrate upon the ground is a second Indian, less powerful than the first, who holds in his hand the leash with which her two cubs are tied. It was the cries of these captives, who were being dragged away, that drew the mother to the spot and enraged her to such a pitch that she savagely attacked both her enemies, holding the second Indian down upon the ground with one hind foot and threatening the first with instant death.

This wonderful piece of bronze is the work of Douglas Tilden, who is deaf and dumb. He was born in Chico, Cal., May 1, 1860. When five years of age he had scarlet fever, which left him unable to hear a sound. Entering the institution in front of which we have been standing, he graduated in 1879, and for eight years was a teacher in the University of California. He then began his life work, having shown marked talent in drawing, molding, and in design. He studied in New York City in the National Academy of Design, became a pupil of Chopin in Paris, and later on Professor of Sculpture in Mark Hopkins University, Baltimore.

Returning to California, the place of his birth, he was appointed by Mayor Phelan an honorary member of an Association for the Artistic Improvement of San Francisco. His reputation grew into a national one, so that he was given a place of responsibility at the Chicago Exposition, and was made a member of the First International Congress of the Deaf at the World's Fair in Paris.

Profoundly interested in so remarkable an artist, I sought out his residence, near the corner of Twenty-Second and Webster Streets, in Oakland, on the morning of the sailing of our steamer *Mongolia* for the Far East. Mr. Tilden's house is a two-story frame in a large yard, well back from the street. It faces the lovely slopes, now covered with verdure, that belong to the range of hills on the east of Oakland, with a lake within a short distance and beyond the lake green meadows, orchards here and there with plum and peach trees in full bloom against the background of the Coast Range. It was indeed an attractive sight.

In the artist's yard itself was a great pepper tree from Mexico. Geraniums as high as one's shoulder covered the yard fence. Roses clambered up the porches and peeped into the second-story windows; while the palm, the pomegranate,

and the sweet lemon tree were found here and there, reminding one of the soft climate of sub-tropical America.

It took two rings of the bell before there came a response. The visitor was ushered into a large hall by the lady who came to the door. He began a rather extended explanation of his visit and begged pardon for the intrusion. It was some time before he discovered that his hostess, who had shown him a seat in the parlor, made no audible reply. Excusing herself, for she had swiftly discerned with her quick wit that he was utterly helpless, she returned in a moment with a pad and pencil, which was an invitation to him to explain his errand. His request to see Mr. Tilden was so coupled with a few words of sincere admiration for the artist's work that her heart was touched at once, and off she went to see if he could be found.

Within five minutes I was politely conducted out of the residence by a side door to a building which at first seemed to be a barn, neatly weather-boarded and painted, but which turned out to be the artist's studio in a quiet corner of the back yard. He was not in; but motioning me to a seat, the proud wife of a gifted husband went in quest of him with an eagerness and kindly spirit which was very grateful to a stranger.



CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS' MONUMENT.



The studio door opened gently, and I was face to face with a man of average height and rather slender build. The serious expression of his face at first glance made one feel that he might not be wanted, but the firm grasp of the hand and the friendly glance of the eye insured a cordial welcome. Time enough had been given to take an inventory of the studio: A long rattan reclining chair, boxes of books and probably photographs, a rifle on the wall, and above it an Indian bow and arrows; on the other side of the room a long shelf with small figures in clay of various sorts; above the shelf fastened to the wall an arm of an athlete in plaster; near by it a leg bent at the knee, as though it were ready for a spring; and on the other side still a torso showing the powerful muscles of a man's back—this also in plaster cast.

For fifteen minutes with pencil and paper we carried on a conversation, or rather correspondence, during which I endeavored to express my interest in his work and at the same time made the request that he enable me, if possible, to secure photographs of some of the groups which had been shaped by his hand.

With the greatest cordiality Mr. Tilden took me into his inner studio, where models of every sort were to be found, including one of the three

caravels in which Columbus made his voyage across the Atlantic. The center of the room was occupied by a statue of Senator White, of California. This was in clay, unfinished, and most interesting in that it gave one an idea of the process of development from the little clay model of the Senator, which stood on our right on a box, up to this gigantic figure, nearly ten feet in height, which the artist could reach only by standing on a platform of boards the ends of which rested upon the rounds of a ladder on each side. I noticed that a tub of water, which did not look very clean, had a big brass syringe standing in it, with which it was evident that the dignified Senator got a shower bath every now and then at the hands of the artist. It was not so much to keep him clean as it was to make him soft and pliable to the hand of the molder.

As we parted Mr. Douglas Tilden handed me a photograph of a group in bronze which stands in the Civic Circle of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and is entitled "California Volunteers Monument."

This work is in memory of the volunteers who at the peril of their lives sought to free the Island of Cuba from the shackles of three centuries of bondage under her Spanish conquerors, and is one of his masterpieces. If Prescott, though

blind, could write "The Conquest of Mexico;" Francis Parkman, "The French Occupation of Canada," in several volumes, though he could not read for more than five minutes at a time for twenty years; and Douglas Tilden, deaf and dumb, place himself in the front rank of the sculptors of our age—what might not others do who are in full possession of health and every faculty?

### III.

#### THE GREYHOUND OF THE PACIFIC.

ALL on board for Japan via Honolulu at noon! The great wharf was thronged with friends of the many passengers who were soon to turn their faces toward the Far East.

Good-bys were at last said, and the great steamship Mongolia cast off from the wharf and endeavored to push out into the bay. So deep down does she reach in the water that she was found to be stuck fast in the mud, and there we waited until after midnight. In the early morning, as daylight began to break upon the city, we were steaming toward the Golden Gate, and in a few hours had left the receding shores of California far behind us.

A description of this "Greyhound of the Pacific" may be of interest, though words can hardly describe this floating city. She is 615 feet long. If stood on end by the side of the Flatiron Building, that wonderful sky scraper in New York City, the building would reach only about midway of the vessel. If we were to put her by the side of the Washington Monument in the

Capital of the United States, she would still reach nearly sixty feet above that towering structure of stone. Her breadth of beam is sixty-five feet, and it would take a tapeline fifty-one feet long to measure the distance from her deck to the bottom of her hold. When we climbed down in her engine room to look at the wonderful machinery and see some of the eighty-three stokers, all Chinamen, shoveling the coal into the great furnaces, we were twenty-five feet under the water.

The Mongolia can carry 18,000 tons of cargo. One can hardly credit what is stored away in the capacious depths of this vessel. One of the officers told us that on a recent voyage from China she had 1,200 tons of peanuts which were being shipped to Virginia. We now have 4,700 tons of cotton, ship measurement, most of which came from Texas and is on its way to Kobe, Japan, to be worked up into cotton cloth. This means that there are 9,400 cotton bales under the deck on which we walk, and that if these bales were worked up into cotton cloth in the Japanese mills and stretched out across land and sea it would make a white path of cloth one foot wide which would reach from Nashville to San Francisco, from there to the Hawaiian Islands, from there to Japan, from there to India, thence through the Suez Canal to Gibraltar, on to New York

City, and from New York City to Nashville again. In other words, we would have woven a great white belt around the globe.

The anchor of this vessel weighs seven tons, and each link in the chain 105 pounds. She carries on this voyage 342 first-class passengers, 66 second-class, 724 third-class, or 1,132 in all, and in addition to this number 270 sailors and other employees, or a total of 1,402. When the most of these passengers are Chinese, they cook for them a ton of rice a day. There are four cooks for the first-class passengers alone. The chief cook is a Chinaman, and is paid more a year than it takes to support a missionary in China.

The steamer was built in Camden, N. J., in 1904, at a cost of \$2,000,000. She burns 150 tons of coal a day, all of this being shoveled into the furnaces by the 83 stokers we have mentioned. Each day we are burning enough coal to fill 150 wagons, and by the time we reach Japan we will have consumed over 2,000 tons, which would fill a train of wagons five miles long.

This monster of the deep is propelled through the water by two great screws, one on each side, and she can travel nearly twenty miles an hour, or almost as fast as the average speed of a railroad train.

By the courtesy of the engineer a party of us

were taken down into the engine room, where we could look closely at the four great engines and the two enormous steel shafts which are running the vessel. We found a telephone board away down in the depths of the ship connecting with the captain's room near the bridge at the highest portion of the deck. Another phone goes from the captain's room to the crow's-nest, which is a little platform up on the foremast, where behind a low screen a sailor stands on the lookout through the night. Then there are other phones over which the captain can speak to his officers in different directions, so that he has complete command of the vessel and can send his orders anywhere. The engineer showed us the refrigerator where forty beeves are hanging. Out of this we get for our breakfast and dinner the steaks and roasts, in addition to the ducks, chickens, turkeys, and quail, as well as fish, which are also stored away in another part of this immense ice chest. As we come back from the engine room we pass the barber shop, the laundry, the doctor's office, the pantry, the bakery, the kitchen and storeroom, and then on once more into the dining salon, where over two hundred passengers get their meals three times a day.

Here is where some of the food comes from that we have set before us: Olives from Califor-

nia, sugar from Cuba, pineapples from Hawaii, oysters from Chesapeake Bay, ice cream from San Francisco (frozen and carried along with us through the entire voyage of sixteen days), celery from Sacramento, oranges from Los Angeles, jam from London, rice from China, curry from India, coffee from Java, flour from Oregon, spices from Ceylon, and molasses from Georgia. Surely we have levied upon the entire globe for the food supply of those who are being carried across the Pacific Ocean.

After a few days we begin to get acquainted with our passengers, finding a Japanese student from Harvard; a Russian going with his family to Vladivostok; a count from Belgium; a government official in charge of the wild tribes of the Philippine Islands just from Washington City; Bishop and Mrs. Cranston, from the same city, going to Japan; a merchant from Louisville, Ky.; a surgeon from Bristol, Tenn.; a physician from Louisiana; a Jewess from San Francisco; a Hawaiian Islander, who is the editor of a paper, going to Japan; a Hawaiian prince, a member of Congress, on his way back to Honolulu; and missionaries of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and other Churches going out to Japan, China, Korea, India, and other parts of the Eastern world.

Sunday comes, and we have preaching at 10:30 in the social hall, Sunday school in the afternoon (led by Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, who has so often been to Monteagle, Tenn.), and lectures on missions and mission fields morning and night by some of the eminent men who have spent most of their lives engaged in the work of bringing the world to Christ.

I must not leave out the sports. In midocean one afternoon the officers and all the passengers assembled on the deck for recreation to be followed that night by a concert. The first on the programme in the sports was a thread and needle race, in which several ladies stood in line while an equal number of men with spools of thread in their hands ran down the deck as fast as they could and handed the spools to the ladies, who already had needles. Each needle was to be threaded, and then a race back to the starting point to see who would get to his place first as the winner of the race. This was followed by an egg race and then a potato race, both for the ladies, who were to take up an egg in a spoon and run back to the starting point, or gather up the potatoes that had been arranged on the deck in rows.

The pillow fight was the funniest of all. A round pole was placed waist-high from the deck,

and two passengers astride of it, facing each other, pillow in hand, tried to knock each other off. Mattresses had been placed on the deck under the pole or spar to save a hard fall. This was followed by the obstacle race, where two at a time the competitors scrambled over poles, crawled through life preservers, tumbled into a net and then out again, and finally on their all fours crept through a canvas wind-sail or funnel which had been stretched on the deck and which led to the goal. The successful competitor in this case was the Japanese student from Harvard, who seemed to be as active as a cat and enjoyed the fun as much as any American in the crowd.

## IV.

### HONOLULU.

SIX days out from San Francisco, and we are approaching the Hawaiian Islands. At daybreak I looked out of the port of my stateroom and saw in the dim light Diamond Head, which is a promontory on the Island of Oahu. The gleam of light from the lighthouse standing on the mountain slope gave us our first welcome to Honolulu on our right. Hastily getting on deck, I could just make out the Island of Molokai on our left. To the right, on the starboard side, we could easily see with the rising sun the royal palm trees, the cocoanut groves, the houses nestled back amidst the dense foliage, and the white surf breaking on the shore. It was a beautiful sight, and one to dwell upon with a sense of joyous exhilaration. Far away on the other side, in the somber shadow under great cliffs 3,000 feet high, was the little settlement where 1,100 unfortunate creatures smitten with leprosy make their home on Molokai. The scene was one of entrancing light on the one hand and somber shadow on the other. It was one that suggested

life and death. And yet I am glad to say that everything possible is done to make comfortable and happy the exiles who are compelled to remain in isolation—the most of them for life.

As we steam toward the harbor we pass Waikiki with its beautiful beach and drives, on the shore of which we are pointed out a splendid hotel; and then the Aquarium, and then above the town of Honolulu the Punch Bowl, the extinct crater of a volcano which once sent out its lava and ashes, but has slumbered quietly for centuries. It is a blessed thing that it sleeps, because at the very foot of the Punch Bowl, which has been so worn by the weather that it is only 500 feet above the level of the sea, lies the city of Honolulu, unguarded and unsuspecting of any danger that may lurk in the depths of that great closed chimney, far down beneath which there may yet be smoldering the fire and the fury that may burst forth with destructive violence.

Before we are allowed to go alongside the wharf the quarantine officer comes aboard. First the sailors and the crew form in line up and down the deck and hold up their hands as the officer passes along to see whether or not they have any symptom of fever or contagious disease. As it was breakfast time, the passengers were allowed to go down into the saloon and sit at table while

the health officer passed up and down the dining hall. From their appetites one would hardly think there was any possibility of any sickness in the party or among the first-class passengers. The steamer is given a clean bill of health and in a few minutes she is alongside the wharf.

Looking down upon the throng from the deck high above their heads, we see a familiar face. It is good to meet a true and tried friend from far-away America. We go down the gang plank, grasp his hand, and then are conducted through the crowd of Hawaiian Islanders, Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Portuguese, and Americans out into the city, where many surprises await us. The first thing we see is an automobile, and there are many of them. This is followed by a surrey and then a carriage, and along the main street electric street cars, which travel back and forth through the city with the same speed as in the home land.

We turn into the market place, and are astonished at the varieties of fish, there being some 350 in the waters about the Islands. Here are cocoanuts fresh from the trees, bananas, every vegetable that is to be found elsewhere, and in addition the breadfruit, the lotus, and the taro. The breadfruit is about the size of a large pineapple and nearly the same shape, but is smooth and green on the outside. It is baked by the natives

and serves as a healthful food. In their primitive style they cook it in a hole in the ground between hot stones. So much of this fruit grows on a single tree that it is said twenty-seven trees, covering an acre of land, is sufficient to support from ten to twelve persons eight months of the year.

The taro is a root which looks something like a beet, but is a little longer and darker. It is crushed between two stones, baked, fermented, and then it becomes a paste, and is called *poi*. So nourishing is this and abundant that a strip of land not larger than a good-sized dining room table will support one man for a year, and one square mile will support some 15,000 people. The lotus has been brought from China, and originally came from India. It is also a long, tuberous root in sections. It grows deep down in the mud in the lotus ponds of Japan and China, and is eaten both raw and cooked by the natives.

Passing into the middle of the town, whose streets are beautiful and clean and houses well built, we reach the government building, which is in the center of ground covering ten acres. In the right-hand corner, as we go in, is the former palace of Queen Liliuokalani, who was deposed during the revolution in Hawaii, after which the

Islands became a republic and then were annexed in 1898 to the United States. She lives near by in a beautiful home, surrounded by flowering trees and lovely plants, and is taken care of by the United States government. Entering the government building itself, we are ushered into the House of Representatives. Here we find thirty members of the House, the most of whom are coffee-colored, though some are entirely white, and all of whom, with one or two exceptions, speak English. They are discussing the question of good roads and appropriations for the betterment of conditions in the Island territory. The interpreter puts everything into the Hawaiian language, so that the representatives shall thoroughly understand the proceedings, and also for the benefit of the visiting Islanders who may not understand the English language. The Speaker of the House occupies a platform which was once the throne of the Queen. On the wall back of him are portraits of Queen Emma and the Queen Liho Liho, who died while on a visit to London, together with the King, who also lost his life from an attack of measles. The Islanders had never encountered this simple disease, and when later on it broke out among them, having been brought by sailors, in the midst of their fever they would rush into the sea to get cooled

down or bury themselves in the sand on the sea-shore. This checked the fever, drove in the eruption, and was the cause of the death of hundreds. Another portrait was that of Kamehameha I., who was born in 1753, reigned for many years, and did more for Hawaii than any other chief or king. The picture represents him in a scarlet robe over a white shirt, with a high collar and black cravat. He has a strong face, with a broad forehead, and was a man of energy, judgment, and power.

We next visited the Aquarium, on the Waikiki beach. The most beautiful fish we have ever seen were found in the tanks along which we could pass and see them swimming in their native element. One had a blue body and fins of a canary yellow; another a black body and one single blue spot on its side, the size of a quarter of a dollar; a third had two long streamers to the upper part of his head, which floated behind him and which seemed to guide his movements; a fourth was possessed of a horn an inch and a half long, which was set between his eyes; while another, that looked like the sole we have in the United States, had two hornlike projections on his back, at the top of which were his eyes. One of these had buried himself in the sand until nothing of his body could be seen. Only the two little horns

stood up, and at the very tips his eyes winked and blinked while watching for his prey. It reminded one of a submarine with two conning towers, in the top of which sailors were on the lookout for their enemy. Surely the hand of God has shaped and colored these wonderful creatures with which to beautify the underworld of water as much as he has those in the midst of which we live.

## V.

### HAWAII OF OTHER DAYS.

THE Hawaiian Islands have been called the Crossroads of the Pacific. They lie near the center of that great body of water 2,100 miles from San Francisco, 2,500 miles from Alaska, 3,400 miles from Yokohama, and over 1,000 miles from several groups of islands in the South Pacific. Steamers from the United States to Japan, to China, to the Philippines, and to Australia call at Honolulu on their way to and fro. The area of the twenty islands, large and small, is a little less than that of the State of New Jersey.

Hawaii was discovered in 1778 by Captain Cook, who in his armed ships, the Resolution and the Discovery, was trying to find a Northwest passage to Asia. Singularly enough, the Islanders had a tradition that their God, Lono, who had wandered away filled with grief after the murder of his wife, would some day return "on an island bearing cocoanut trees, swine, and dogs." When Captain Cook's vessels dropped anchor, the tall masts looked to them like trees on the floating island; and it is said that they at once thought him to be Lono, and fell on their

faces, offering him gifts and sacrifices. When the sailors from the vessels went ashore and lighted their cigars, the people thought them heavenly beings because they were able to send such strange fire and smoke out of their mouths, and their wonder was increased at the pockets in their coats from which they could take all manner of things from a "hole in their sides whenever they wished."

Captain Cook went on his way north, but returned in a few months, when the natives rejoiced more than ever. It is said that 3,000 canoes filled with Islanders went out to meet him, and when he came ashore 15,000 people prostrated themselves on the ground and rendered him homage. Among other things that were presented to him were six beautiful feather cloaks of almost priceless value. The feathers were a delicate shade of yellow, plucked from a little black bird which had only one feather of this color on each side of his breast under the wings. So many of these birds were killed to make these cloaks, which could be worn only by chiefs and kings, that the little creatures were exterminated. Several of these cloaks can still be seen in the Bishop Museum, in Honolulu. In return for these costly gifts the king received a white shirt and a cutlass.

Had Captain Cook told the people that he was not a divine being, it might not have cost him his life. He and his men treated the natives roughly. The death of one of his sailors made them realize that they were human beings like themselves; and when he required supplies, and finally demanded the king himself as a hostage, a native chief slipped up behind the Captain and stabbed him in the back. Miss Brain says in her very interesting book, "The Transformation of Hawaii;" "The native account of the unfortunate affair says that the chief had no intention of killing the Captain, believing him to be immortal. When he seized him, however, he called for help and cried out in pain. Hearing this, the chief exclaimed, 'He groans! He is not a god!' and at once took his life."

In those early days the natives were idolaters of the grossest sort. In the museum referred to there is a model of a heathen temple with hideous images made of wood. Some of these idols were kept in a straw hut in one corner and others were set upon the wall as guardians of the place. The head and neck of some of these are of wicker-work covered with fine red feathers. "Their eyes were of mother-of-pearl and their great mouths adorned with three rows of shark's teeth stretched from ear to ear, and to 'their heads

were fastened long tresses of human hair." There were gods of the land and gods of the sea. Even the shark was worshiped and kept in inclosures made of coral at the seashore in order that offerings might be thrown to him.

The people were not only superstitious but absolutely lacking in modesty and in sense of shame. They wore little or no clothing. When the ship *Thaddeus* arrived with missionaries on board, King *Liho-Liho* was invited to dine with them. To the astonishment and confusion of the ladies, the King arrived attired in a "narrow waist girdle and green silk scarf thrown over his shoulders, a necklace of large beads, and a crown of scarlet feathers." When the missionaries were settled in their own home on shore, he made them another visit accompanied by his five wives. It being hinted to him that he would be more welcome in a different style of dress than that which he wore, his Majesty came the next day in an elaborate costume consisting of green silk stockings and a silk hat.

Great reverence was felt for the chiefs. They were not infrequently followed by as many as twenty-five men and boys carrying umbrellas and spittoons. The latter was on account of a superstition that if a chief or king were to spit on a chip or stone his enemy could take it and use

it as a charm against him to bring on some disease or the presence of an evil spirit.

The *tabu* was something practiced by the chiefs in order to selfishly keep food, including fish and fruit, for their own use, and also to give them a stronger hold upon the people. To violate the *tabu* was a crime punishable by death. Cocoanut trees were marked with the *tabu*; so were banana trees, and often so many things that it was difficult for the common people, and especially the women, to get anything to eat. "During these periods every fire and light on the island must be extinguished, no canoe must be launched upon the water, no person must bathe, no individual must be seen out of doors, no dog must bark, no pig must grunt, no cock must crow, or the *tabu* would be broken and fail to accomplish the object designated." Of course it was impossible to keep such commands as these, and so the property of the subjects who broke the *tabu* was seized by the chiefs and used as their own.

The Hawaiians were very fond of dogs. They regarded the flesh of the dog as sweeter than that of the pig. One missionary wrote home that he saw nearly two hundred dogs cooked at one time, and reported a certain royal feast where twice that number were baked and devoured.

In 1819, immediately after the death of King

Kamehameha I., whose bronze statue is seen in front of the government building, the *tabu* was broken all over the Islands and idolatry was discontinued. The people had grown tired of this fearful bondage, and a priest himself led them in the destruction of the idols.

These simple Islanders seem to have been prepared for the gospel. While they were lacking in a sense of shame and virtue, yet they were willing to learn, kindly in disposition, and appreciated what was done for them when they saw it was done in a spirit of true friendship and a desire to do them good. They were children of nature, fond of sunshine and fair weather; they could swim like ducks and ride the surf with wonderful skill as they stood upon a board and floated in upon the breakers which rolled over and over upon the beach.

We had a splendid exhibition of their swimming ability when ten or fifteen boys, with only a loin cloth about them, appeared in the water about the steamer, their black heads bobbing up and down and their swarthy backs glistening in the sunlight. Whenever a nickel or a dime was tossed into the water by one of our passengers, down they would go, three or four at a time, and in less than a half minute one of them would come bobbing up like a cork with the coin in his

outstretched hand, and then it would go into his mouth and he would at once be on the lookout for another chance to add to his store. To our astonishment some of these little fellows came up on our steamer, got into the lifeboats swinging away above our heads, and dived off of them fifty feet, headforemost, down into the sea. One cannot help admiring such strength and activity and courage, for it is said that at times in their surf-bathing they have to defend themselves from the shark with a stick, pointed and hardened at each end, which they run into his mouth, and thus by transfixing his jaws become masters even of this dread monster of the sea.

## VI.

### THE AWAKENING OF HAWAII.

SHORTLY after the death of Kamehameha I. several missionaries of the American Board arrived. This was in the year 1820. It is almost impossible to describe the hardships they endured and the difficulties they met with. The people worshiped idols; there was no word for *virtue* in their language; there was no conception of God; when the Lord's Supper was commémorated by the missionaries, the natives thought the wine or the juice of the grape was the blood of human victims; when they made cellars for their houses, the Hawaiians thought the missionaries were building forts; there was no written language, and it was almost impossible to get the natives to understand the ideas of goodness, gratitude, and purity which were so necessary for a better life. Then the missionaries had to eat stale food, because as yet they were unable to raise the food which they needed for themselves and children. Besides all this, there were many runaway sailors and low white men who were living a life of idleness and vice. These did al-

most as much harm as the missionaries did good, and the sad part of it was that they came from Christian lands. As the result of months of prayer and diligent effort, the wife of Kamehameha the Great, and the mother of two kings, became the first baptized convert and the first member of the native Hawaiian Church. King Liho-Liho declared himself in favor of Christianity, and his wife became a devout Christian. She not only urged her people to worship the true God, but built the first Christian school in Honolulu. Another convert of an adjoining island was a queen who was converted at fifty years of age. She had been proud and cruel, but she became so patient and gentle and kind that her subjects called her the "New Kaahuinu." She learned to read and write when she was over fifty, and to set her people a good example took her examination at the school just as they did. When she died, in 1832, one of the missionaries wrote of her as follows: "The mission has lost in her a mother and judicious counselor and firm supporter, but heaven has received a soul cleansed by the blood of Christ from the foul stains of heathenism, infanticide, and abominable pollution."

In 1835 Rev. Titus Coan and his wife arrived. He became the pastor of a little Church of twenty-

ty-three members at Hilo, on the largest island. Nothing daunted him. He would preach to his people on Sunday, and then spend the week making difficult and dangerous journeys across the lava beds or along the mountain paths and into the valleys, eating and sleeping with the people and talking to them about Christ. Within two years the "great awakening" began, when the people were so stirred concerning their need of Christ and a better life that they crowded Mr. Coan's house, refusing to go away until after midnight. By daylight they were there again. This spread from village to village, and then they came out from the villages to Hilo until ten thousand people had gathered in the town for instruction. For two whole years these people remained in this great camp meeting. The men were put to work fishing along the shore and cultivating gardens in which potatoes and taro were planted for food, while the women were taught by the missionaries' wives habits of cleanliness and usefulness, such as sewing, cooking, dress-making, and braiding straw hats. As the result of this work on one single day in July, 1838, converts to the number of 1,705 were baptized and received into the Church, and the good work went on in the island until Titus Coan became pastor of the largest Church in the world,

which at the end of five years had 7,557 members.

On this same island of Hawaii is the volcano of Kilauea, which is the largest on the globe. It is 4,400 feet above the sea level, has a crater eight miles around, and is over 1,000 feet deep. At the bottom of this crater is a lake of lava, boiling and smoking with fires that never die out, and it is most appropriately called by the natives Holemaumau, "the house of everlasting burning." The goddess Pele was supposed to live in this volcano, and the fire demons that threw up the showers of fire and stones and brought out the lava were her slaves. The Hawaiians were dreadfully afraid of this cruel goddess, and often threw white chickens, fish, fruit, and dogs into the crater as an offering to appease her wrath.

The ruler of this part of the main island of Hawaii was Kapaiolani, the daughter of a chief and the most famous of all the converts. When the missionaries first saw her, she was sitting on a rock anointing herself with oil. She had several husbands and was a hard drinker of intoxicating liquors. When she became a Christian, she gave up all her bad habits, dismissed all her husbands except one, Naiho, who promised to help her in her new religion. Finding that her people were so enslaved by their fear of Pele,

she resolved single-handed to face the goddess and break the spell. Her husband tried to dissuade her, and her people gathered round, prostrating themselves, and begged her not to go. She turned a deaf ear to their entreaties and traveled the entire distance, one hundred miles, on foot across the lava beds, saying that her Heavenly Father would protect her. At last eighty of her people determined to go with her. Over and over again on the way they begged her to return; but she kept on, and replied: "If I am destroyed, you may all believe in Pele; but if I am not, then you must all turn to the true God."

Upon reaching the crater she climbed down almost to the very edge, where the ground trembled under her feet, and steam and smoke issued from the great cracks about her. Taking up a stone in her hand, she hurled it into the abyss below, and defied the goddess Pele to come out. Her people were so terrified that they threw themselves upon their faces. Turning to them, this noble and courageous woman said: "Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear no Pele. The gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is the goodness of Jehovah in sending the missionaries to turn us from these vanities to the living God!"

Finding that Pele did not injure her, the na-

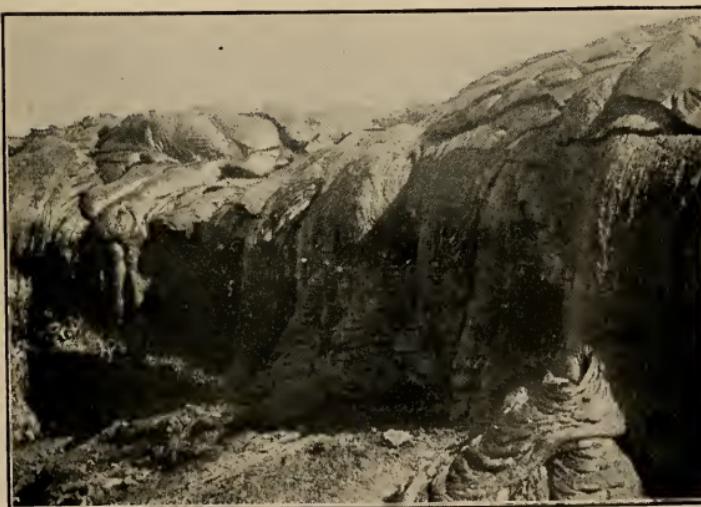
tives gathered around their princess and knelt with her in prayer, after which they sang a Christian hymn amid the roaring of the fires and the crackling of the flames. Then she returned to Hilo with feet bruised and sore, but rejoicing that God had sustained her and given strength and life to be devoted to untiring efforts in winning her nation to faith in the living God.

With such devotion did these early Christians take up the work that they began the building of churches on all the islands. The Coral Church in Honolulu is one of the most interesting. When they determined to build, the men went out in their canoes to where the surf beats upon the reefs and, diving down into the sea, with sharpened sticks prized off great blocks of coral. They then returned to their boats above them for a breathing spell, went down once more with ropes, and made them fast to these blocks, while others in the canoes hauled them up. On reaching the shore the coral was carried by men, and sometimes by women, to the foundation of the church, others bringing sand and lime. Thus block on block the church went up until it stands there to-day a monument of their faith and self-denying effort.

While many of the Islanders in past years were brought to Christ, a change has come in the



CORAL CHURCH.



LAVA IN CRATER, KILAUEA.



population. Thousands of Portuguese, Roman Catholics, and Chinese and Japanese Buddhists have come in, and not a few white men, who have opened saloons and subjected the simple Islanders to severe temptation with the result of drawing not a few away from their early faith. The Church in the United States needs to be wide awake to this new need and great opportunity to help strengthen the faith of those who have already been reached, and to Christianize the tens of thousands of Asiatics who have come to work upon the sugar plantations.

With this closing line we give the beautiful salutation of the Islanders, who, when they throw flowers around your neck upon the wharf before your steamer leaves, wave their hands and say: "Aloha! Aloha!" (Love to you! Love to you!)

## VII.

### THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

TEN days out from Honolulu, and we are approaching the Japanese coast. Already there are signs of land, for we have seen large masses of seaweed floating by. Then a snow-white gull has come out to meet us, and hovers gracefully over our steamer—a beautiful white-winged messenger. We have had it pretty rough, the sea sometimes in great waves towering above the bow and falling in tons of water upon the deck. But now everything is calm, and we look forward to our getting ashore in another day.

On Sunday afternoon we had an interesting little service down between decks among the steerage passengers. It was a curious company, the congregation nearly all standing up, for there were no seats. Rev. D. S. Spencer, of Tokyo, addressed the Japanese in the congregation, using their language, and Rev. Mr. Thwing, of Honolulu, the Chinese in their own tongue. While they were speaking I noticed one Chinaman crouched down in the corner on the end of a

plank with a long pipe in his mouth. Three of the sailors behind us were smoking cigarettes. Another Chinese sailor had a bucket of water in each hand, and stood there a few minutes to catch a part of the sermon. A great big Russian formed a part of the background, and several of the first-class passengers were with us to attend this novel service, where the singing was in Chinese, Japanese, and in English all at the same time. A retired merchant from Louisville, Ky., was so interested that he said it was worth traveling across the Pacific Ocean to attend such a meeting and to see how deeply interested some of the Japanese were in what was being said. He must have been interested himself because where he sat on the hatchway I could see the water dripping on his hat and once in a while a good big drop rolling down his neck.

In that little group gathered around the speakers was a Japanese commission merchant about fifty years old, whose face had been badly pitted with smallpox. His hair and mustache had begun to turn gray, and he looked as if he had worked very hard while on the Hawaiian Islands. His earnestness and kindly spirit expressed themselves in both his face and his dark brown eyes. The name of this Japanese gentleman is Mr. Datte, and he is so closely connected with the

opening of our Methodist work in Japan that I must tell his story as he told it to me.

Nearly thirty years ago Mr. Datte went from Yokohama to San Francisco to see something of America. When he landed he had no money and was obliged to find work at once. Not having any friends in the city who could help him, he crossed the bay and visited Oakland. Unable to get any work there, he wandered out into the country, and finally came across a farmer who gave him employment. After a few weeks he fell sick, and having a high fever went out one morning with the farm hands, not to work, but to lie down under a tree to die. As he did not return at noon, the farmer's wife inquired of the hands where the Japanese boy was. They did not know and did not seem to care. The farmer and his wife searched for him, bore him to the house in an unconscious condition, and put him to bed. He was sick for several weeks, but they nursed him tenderly and he began to recover.

The farmer was from Switzerland and was an earnest Christian. When young Datte was able to talk and had strength enough to ask questions, he inquired of the farmer where he had found him and why it was that he should have taken so much pains to care for a stranger. The farmer replied that he was a Christian and that Jesus

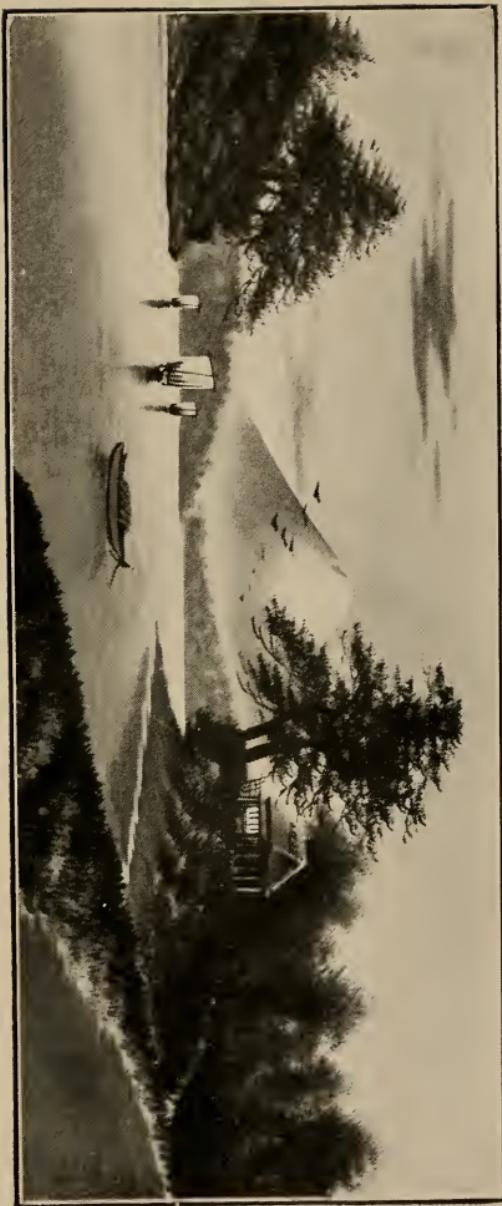
Christ, whom he served, had taught him to care for the sick and the stranger. The young Japanese then said: "Tell me about your God." The man did so in simple words that the boy could understand. Datte listened very attentively, then looked up at the farmer and said: "Your God must be the true God. I came from Japan, and had no friends; my money was out, and you gave me work; I became sick, and you took care of me as you would your own son. My mother lives in Japan far away; she does not know that I am sick, and could not come if she did. But your wife has been a mother to me, and the God who led you to do all this for a poor sick stranger must be the true God."

When young Datte recovered he made a profession of religion, expressing his deep and abiding faith in Jesus Christ, and joined the Methodist Church. Returning to San Francisco, he found employment there through friends who had been raised up, and he soon did well. He joined the Japanese Y. M. C. A., and was made its first president, working actively in connection with what is called the Gospel Society. The special work of this society was to look after the friendless Japanese landing on a strange shore.

One day while standing on the wharf just as a steamer from Japan had come alongside he saw

a Japanese sailor who had come ashore and was looking about aimlessly. Datte introduced himself, and, finding that the sailor did not know where to go, took him to the Gospel Society. There the sailor, whose name was T. Sunamoto, found a good supper and a clean bed. What was more important, it was not long before he found Christ as his Saviour through the influence of our young friend, who was anxious to do something to help another as he had been helped himself. The sailor, who had been a pilot for a number of years on the Japanese coast, remained in San Francisco, went to a night school, learned to speak and read English, returned to Kobe, Japan, after five years, and in 1886 helped us to found the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. With these facts it will not be wondered at that during the little service between the decks of the Mongolia my eyes were riveted upon the scarred but kindly face of this Christian Japanese who, led by the Spirit of God, was a pioneer in opening the way through another man's life to the hearts and homes of thousands of his own people.

The last day of our voyage has come. We find ourselves peering into the distance for the first sight of land. Suddenly on our right, or over the starboard bow, as the sailors say, we see a line



FUJIYAMA.



of hills with rugged cliffs here and there. Then in an hour, when the clouds begin to break, there rises Fujiyama, the peerless mountain of the Land of the Rising Sun. Its summit, even now, is sun-kissed and glorious as it glistens in the light reflected from the snow along its beautiful slopes. It is eighty miles away, but can be clearly seen, rising as it does 12,365 feet above the level of the sea. These figures can be remembered by the twelve months and the number of days in the year.

Here and there we now see a white sail. Some daring fisherman has come far out from the land to cast his net. On the horizon are two steamers, one coming out from the bay and another steaming in. To the west of us is Vries Island, an active volcano, from which during the day smoke can be seen issuing and sometimes at night the glow of the volcanic fires thrown up against the clouds.

Now we are entering Tokyo Bay, and can easily see on the shore, on the starboard side, the lighthouse which guards the rocky coast and beyond it the beautiful monument erected three years ago to the memory of Commodore Perry, who steamed up the bay in 1854 and landed at Uruwaga, near which place the monument now stands. Without the firing of a gun the Mikado's

empire was opened to the outside world and to a Christian civilization through the messenger of peace who was sent from the United States of America. Thus from the beginning there has been a bond of friendship between these two great countries.

## VIII.

### YOKOHAMA.

FOR the second time during our voyage from San Francisco the Mongolia has dropped anchor. We have come 3,400 miles from Honolulu, where we made our first visit, and during all that distance, day and night, the fires have been burning beneath our feet, fed by the stokers out of sight, and the great engines have been at work in our service. We are glad that the engineers and firemen are to have a rest for a couple of days.

Our steamer is literally surrounded with little boats called "sampans." The word "sampan" means three boards, and comes from China. Here are the little Japs on every side waving their hands, bowing and saluting in some cases, and in others trying to get the Japanese passengers to agree to take passage ashore and go to their hotels. After medical inspection of the crew and passengers, the ladder is let down by the side of the ship, and up come the Japanese boatmen and hotel runners as though racing for life. One fellow falls backward into his boat, another nearly tumbles overboard and is pulled up by his col-

lar just in time to save him from a ducking. A third has a basket of greens which gets upset, and he loses half of his vegetables in the sea. There are Chinese tailors by the dozen, with samples in hand, soliciting the European passengers to have a suit of clothes made.

After a while the hubbub ceases, order is restored, good-bys are said, and we are all off for the wharf, where our luggage is inspected, and then we take jinrikishas for the station. How queer it is for those who ride in these little two-wheel pull-man cars or carriages, in the shafts of which is a two-legged horse who eats rice and fish instead of hay, goes at a fast trot and sometimes at a breakneck pace, and is always in a good humor! On our way to the station we are impressed by the narrow streets, the heavy tile roofs, the almost numberless shops, and the frequency of paper doors and windows instead of board or glass. Nearly every family seems to make something for sale. In the front of one house you see matches made of shavings, one end of the shaving being dipped in sulphur; in the next little sweet cakes they call "sembe;" then there follows a stocking shop; then the next is one where you find beans, peas, rice, and various kinds of grains, but not more than about a peck of any one kind; and so on down the street. Some

of the shop signs seem to be pieces of wood of fine grain but irregular shape, which have been dipped in the sea until barnacles have grown all over them. Other pieces I noticed with holes bored through and through by the ants. It must be the oddity that makes the rough sign attractive to them. It certainly is curious to a foreigner.

Here is a shop where the sign is in English, "The Hall of Milk;" and some one says there is a barber shop over the door of which you will find these words: "Shavings and Hair Cuttings." This reminds me of the bookstore in the city of Hiroshima, when I lived there years ago, which had on it: "Book Sellers and Students Shot Here." A dangerous place! The sign painter had made a "t" instead of a "p" in the word "shop;" but as the bookseller was himself no wiser, it made no great difference at last.

We reached the station and found Mr. Datte's wife and children there to meet him. It is a most interesting family. She is a substantial-looking lady with an intelligent face. She speaks English fairly well, and tells us that one of her children was born in Canada and the others on the Hawaiian Islands. While these Eastern people do not express their joy as we do, yet it was easy to see how glad they were to have the husband and father with them again after a long absence.

The homes which such Christian families represent are the hope of Japan and of any land. It was a delight to us all to meet this man's wife and his pretty children after we had become acquainted with the story of his life.

I fear that our party became thoroughly demoralized by getting ashore and seeing so many strange things. We had not been long at the station before one of our passengers discovered that he had lost his trunk. Then he and I had a race in *jinrikishas* back to the wharf to find it, calling out "Hyaku! Hyaku!" as we went along, which would be in English: "Hurry up! Hurry up!" We found the trunk and returned to the station just in time for the train, when I discovered that I had lost my grip. Then there was another scene of confusion. At last it was found in the baggage car, where it had been checked by mistake. When we got to Tokyo, eighteen miles away, I claimed my grip, check or no check; but the baggage master politely refused to let me have it. In despair at last we went on to our hotel, and to my surprise and gratification in half an hour here came the grip, which had fortunately been checked by a passenger who came from the Mongolia and who readily surrendered my property. A good laugh all around and some bread and butter for supper.





IRONING CLOTHES.

with a cup of tea, prepared us for our first night on shore.

Early after breakfast we are out on the streets of Tokyo. The first thing we meet is a countryman pulling a two-wheeled cart on which is a heavy load. By his side is a shepherd dog with a collar around his neck and a rope tied to it, while the other end of the rope is fastened to the cart, and here he is pulling for all he is worth by the side of his master. No whip is needed and no harsh word is heard—only a bit of encouragement now and then.

We pass a vegetable shop in front of which is a large bucket the size of a half barrel, full of water and sweet potatoes. A boy with two sticks higher than his head, and tied together with a straw rope near the lower end of the sticks, is washing the sweet potatoes by stirring them with the sticks, which form something like a pair of tongs, except that the lower ends cross each other. The method seemed to be quite effective, for they went in very dirty and came out very clean.

Just beyond this was a lineman climbing up a slick telegraph pole which reached up higher than the houses. He had nothing on his feet but a pair of blue cotton socks; they call them "tabi." Between his teeth was one end of a rope. I looked for a spike here and there, but there was

nothing but the slick pole, up which that fellow went like a cat. He did it by bracing the soles of his feet against the sides of the pole, reaching high up with his hands, pulling his feet up, bracing again, and repeating the operation until he reached the top. All the Japanese appear to me to be bow-legged. It is probably because they sit on the floor with their feet crossed under them, and I am sure that only a bow-legged fellow could climb a pole in that style, especially one as slick as that pole was.

Here is a woman drying and ironing clothes on a board. The clothes have only been basted together. She takes out the basting threads, washes the cloth, leans the board against the house in the sun, stretches the cloth out on the board, smoothing out the wrinkles with her hands, and in this way dries and irons at the same time. In the adjoining house we can hear the splash, splash, splash of the bathers, who are having a good time in the hot water, which the Japanese so much enjoy. Everybody has a hot bath every night if he can afford the time and money. In many ways the Japanese are an example to the world in the cleanliness of their person and of their houses, though there is still room for improvement in some ways.

## IX.

### BENKEI THE GIANT.

ALMOST as far back as the days of King Arthur in England there lived in Japan two brothers, Yoritomo and Yoshitsune. For a while these brothers, who were both brave men, fought side by side; but at last Yoritomo became jealous of his younger brother and sought to kill him. Yoshitsune bore with his elder brother long and patiently. He wrote him a letter, which the Japanese frequently refer to, in which he reminded him of the toils and hardships which he had undergone in his behalf, and with tender feeling pleaded with Yoritomo to cease from distrusting him. The message was a model of brotherly affection and frankness; but it was of no avail, and he had to fly for his life.

Every boy in Japan knows something of Yoshitsune's history. He was so noble in character that he was called "The Knight without Fear and without Reproach." His courage and his loftiness of purpose were such that his name and deeds became famous throughout the land. He was held up as an example to the sons of the

*Samurai*, or soldiers of Japan, and to this day his picture can be seen on the kites the Japanese are so skillful in making.

One day as Yoshitsune was crossing a bridge in the city of Kioto he met a man of gigantic stature who was in the habit of robbing and killing those who passed by. He was the terror of the neighborhood, and not a man was to be found who dared to arrest him. The giant's name was Benkei. As soon as the two met they grappled with each other, wrestling and fighting until the very bridge shook under their feet. Yoshitsune, though not so strong, was more skillful, and, throwing the giant down, pinned him to the floor of the bridge. The dreaded highway robber surrendered to his master, and became Yoshitsune's devoted servant, serving him well in many a perilous expedition.

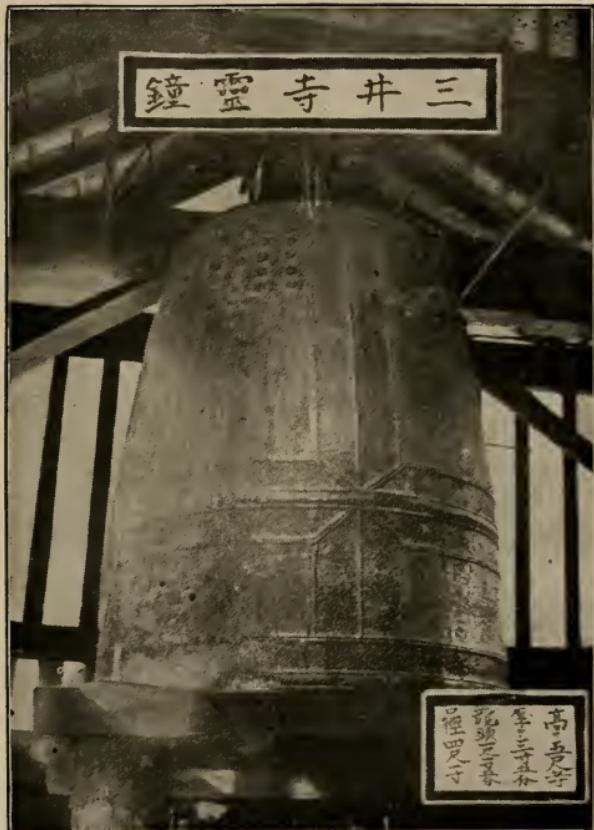
The two, master and servant, were obliged in their flight from Yoritomo to cross the Hakone Pass not far from Mount Fuji. They disguised themselves as wandering Buddhist priests who were collecting money for the casting of a great bell. Halted in the Pass by a soldier who was on picket duty, it looked for a moment as though they would be discovered and captured. Benkei, who was very shrewd, guessing the soldier could not read, drew from his girdle a roll of blank

paper. Looking very solemn, he pressed it to his forehead, making a profound bow at the same time, as though in prayer, and then with the choicest and most pious language he made up the contents of a letter which he led the soldier to suppose was written by the high priest of a temple in Kioto, authorizing them to make a pilgrimage for the collection of money for the bell. The soldier no sooner heard the name of the priest, who was a very famous man, than he fell upon his knees, and with his face to the earth listened with awe to the contents of the letter. When Benkei thought he had said enough, he slyly concluded to put an end to all suspicion by begging the sentinel "to excuse the improper behavior of his servant," who had meantime remained standing, observing that he was still a greenhorn and had no manners, for he had only recently come out of the rice field. He then turned to Yoshitsune, whacked him over the head, told him to fall at once upon his marrowbones and not stand there like a gawk in the presence of a brave soldier. The trick worked like a charm, and the sentinel let them go on their way unmolested.

Many stories are told about Benkei's strength and shrewdness. He had numberless hairbreadth escapes while serving his master. So hot were

their enemies in pursuit that for many months he continued in the disguise of a priest and lived in the neighborhood of Lake Biwa, where stands the temple of Miidera. In one of the buildings on the right side of the temple court as we approached it from the lake is what is known as "Benkei's Soup Kettle." It is made of iron and so heavy that six men could hardly lift it. It is four feet deep, five feet across, and fifteen feet nine inches in circumference. Enough soup could be made in this kettle at one time for a hundred priests. But the simple-minded country folk who come to see it steadfastly believe that Yosuitsune's gigantic servant could swallow the entire contents at one meal.

Not far from the temple of which we speak is the "Well of Akai." The source of supply for this well is said to be the holy water which comes from a pond in India. It has many virtues, one of which is to make the disposition harmless, and another is to make the temper sweet. Three emperors were bathed with this holy water when they were born, and so the name "Miidera," or "Sublime Temple," was given to the shrine. The word "Mikado," which is applied to the Emperor of Japan, means "Sublime Porte or Gate." The priests who worship at this shrine insist that if any man drinks the water of this well he will es-



BELL OF MIIDERA.



cape all the evils of life and his sins will be destroyed.

Climbing farther up the hill, we come to the great Bell of Miidera. It is in a little pavilion by itself, and we had to pay a small admission fee to get to see it. Scarcely had we entered before a Japanese, who sat on his heels behind a little bookstall on our right, began in a singsong tone to sound the praises of Benkei and the bell. He had his story so pat that he reeled it off by the yard, would stop short off in the middle or at any point, and exclaim: "Here is a plan of the temple; buy a copy for half a cent. Have you got a photograph of the bell? It is the most famous in all Japan. You must not go away without hearing the story of Benkei." While saying these words his nimble fingers were at work picking up a history of the temple here or a picture of the bell there, and selling the same to the visitors while he returned to the thread of his story with scarcely a break in his voice or change in his expression.

"Listen to the story of the bell," said he as a lot of farmers and their wives gathered around and stared with all their might. "You have all heard of the renowned Benkei, the servant of Yoshitsune. He became a priest and lived on the mountain side far up above Lake Biwa. Al-

though he had drunk water from the well of Akai and made soup with it in the great iron bowl, his temper had not yet become fully sweetened. The truth is he was still the old Benkei in disguise, and he resisted its virtues. Falling out with the priests of this temple because, perhaps, he thought of them as disloyal to his master, he came down the mountain one night, placed the bell on his shoulder, and returning to his fastness, almost as high as the clouds, he swung it in mid-air where it could sound out its best notes. Mark what strength this giant had! The bell is five feet three inches high, higher than that farmer who stands by its side. It would take three of you to reach around it and twenty men could not move it from its place. But the giant bore it off with ease and struck it with a great wooden beam to make it talk. Alas! the only thing it would say was: 'Miidera, Miidera, take me back to Miidera!' This was all in so mournful a voice that Benkei got mad, tore it from its fastening, and kicked it down the mountain. It did not stop rolling until it reached its old resting place, but it was cracked and scarred by its journey. If you don't believe my story, examine the cracks and feel the scratches on the left side there."

The clever story-teller, with a final wave of his hand, as if to crown his efforts by a master

stroke, cried out: "Get back there, you woman, wife of that country gawk! Don't look too hard at that bell! Years ago a lady of rank gazed so admiringly upon it that she pulled a piece out as big as your two hands; and if you go on looking like that with those gimlet eyes of yours, you might pull the whole side of it out, and then what would Miidera do for its famous bell?"

## X.

### UNDER THE MOUNTAINS TO LAKE BIWA.

IT was on a beautiful May morning that we started for a trip through the Lake Biwa Canal. This canal leads from the Basin on the west (or Kioto) side of the mountains through a tunnel to Lake Biwa on the other side.

On our way to the Basin we walked by the side of the incline, which runs from the canal below to the Basin 1,900 feet above, and which is so steep that a cable is necessary to haul the boats up to it from the city below. These boats are mostly for freight, and are about forty feet long. The cradle is like a great wagon on small wheels. One runs down the incline, held by one cable, while the other runs up the incline drawn by another cable. The cradle that goes down after the boats runs right into the water at the foot of the mountain and slips under the boat, which may be loaded with bales of cloth or goods to be sold to the people who live around the shores

of Lake Biwa. The boatmen, with bamboo poles, guide their boat into the cradle, signal that they are ready, and then the cable begins to pull the boat and all right up out of the water on its overland trip until it reaches the basin above, which is the mouth of the canal through the mountains.

A passenger boat awaited us at the top of the incline, and in we got with the other passengers, who were all Japanese, having to sit on the floor on straw mats as they did; and then we started for the tunnel through the mountain just ahead of us. It was a peculiar experience to have to go into that dark hole about ten feet high, twenty feet wide, and with at least five feet of water under us running as swiftly as a mill race. If we had been spilled out, it would have been almost impossible to do anything but cling to the side of the boat, if we could have gotten hold of that. The small stationary wire cable, which ran along the right side of the tunnel, was too high up from the water to be reached. There crouched just behind me a pretty little Japanese girl, about ten years old, who with her little brother and her mother, who was a farmer's wife, were going through to their home on the lake. It was their first trip, as they had come over the mountain, and I could feel her

pressing against my back almost in a tremble for fear we might upset.

Just before our boat started in the boatman lighted a paper lantern and placed it midway between the bow and stern. This, with a flickering torch, was the only relief from the black darkness which enveloped us. The lantern soon went out, and there we were with only an occasional flare of light sometimes thrown upon the low roof above and sometimes upon the swift current by our side. Our boatman, who stood in the bow, was a powerful fellow. Bare to the waist, his muscles stood out, in the occasional flash of the torch, in great knots as he threw himself first on one foot and then on the other, grasping the cable at the side of the tunnel with his two hands and pulling the boat forward with a vigorous swing. By the time we were through the first tunnel, which took us forty-five minutes, he was dripping with sweat.

The daylight was sweet as we swept out from under the mountain into the canal on the other side and were towed by the two boatmen through fields of rice and barley on the east of us and along the mountain slope on the west, where graceful bamboo groves waved at us and where the pink azalea bloomed in profusion in and about the pines and chestnut trees. We soon

came to a second tunnel, shorter than the first, which also ran through a high mountain, and then reappearing we wound along through a lovely valley until we came to the third and longest tunnel, into which we plunged in company with several other boats. It seemed as though we would never get through that Egyptian darkness, but in a little less than an hour we were in the sunshine once more and on the bank and walking toward the lock, where the water of Lake Biwa is let in through great gates and let out again, so that boats can be raised and lowered because of the difference between the level of the lake and of the water in the canal. The whole trip took us two hours and fifteen minutes.

This wonderful piece of engineering was due to the genius of Mr. Tanabe Sakuro, a graduate of the Imperial College in Tokyo. His purpose was to conduct the water of Lake Biwa through the canal under the mountains into the city of Kioto on the west side of the range, so that rice, barley, bricks, lime, and many other things can be brought directly into the great city in the shortest time and at the lowest price. Besides this freight, many passengers, like ourselves, make the trip at a cost of four cents each way. In addition the rice fields are irrigated

along the line of the canal, mill wheels are turned where wheat and barley flour is being made, and electric lights are furnished to Kioto as well as electric power for street cars.

One or two of the inscriptions over the entrances of these tunnels will be of interest. Marquis Ito is the author of one inscription engraved in the granite which arches over the canal, and reads: "The thousand and ten thousand changes of scenery." At the other end of the tunnel we found the words, "Hoso Banzai;" or in English: "May the Emperor's dynasty continue forever!" Still a third by Count Inouye is from the classics of Confucius: "The benevolent man seeks the mountains (for meditation), while the wise man seeks the water."

As our hostess, Mrs. W. A. Davis, had provided us with a substantial lunch, filling a neat little bamboo basket, we determined to make a trip down the lake shore to the famous pine tree at Karasaki. Jumping into a *jinrikisha*, which held two, a merry ride of over half an hour brought us to a little peninsula jutting out into the lake, on which stands the most wonderful tree we ever saw. It is supposed to have been planted during the reign of the Emperor Jomei (629-641), which would make it over one thousand years old. It is certainly the oldest pine

tree in Japan and perhaps in the world. Its height is only 42 feet, but it would take five persons with outstretched hands to reach round the trunk, and the branches from east to west measure 162 feet, while those from north to south extend over 200 feet. It covers about two-thirds of an acre, which is now carefully fenced in because the body of the tree has to be protected by filling the hollow places with plaster. The limbs, hundreds of years ago, were trained to turn down, and here and there where they have been bent over decay has set in, and one finds a little board roof built over the spot by the Japanese to shelter it carefully from the weather. As the branches extend out so far from the trunk, they have to be propped up with 380 wooden supports.

It is said that the Emperor referred to above had a follower who, while living here in Karasaki, planted a bush in the courtyard of his residence, and called it "Nokiha-no-Matsu," which means: "The pine tree growing by the eaves of the house." This shows how small it was when first set out. There are many Japanese poems written in praise and admiration of this marvelous tree, which is one of the wonders of Japan. No wonder the poets were stirred to write, for as we sat looking out of the window

of the tea house near by and caught sight of the waters of Lake Biwa through the branches and heard the ripple of the waves we wished for the skill and genius to write a poem on the old pine tree of Karasaki.

## XI.

### ARIMA, THE CRATER CITY.

AN early start from Kobe by train and then by jinrikisha enables you to reach Arima for dinner. It is a beautiful trip. On the right of the train, as we sweep along, is the magnificent bay on which I counted 250 sailboats at one time. On our left, upon the crest of the mountain range—perched midway, as it were, between the sea and the sky—is the temple dedicated to the mother of Buddha. Our train dashes along the seashore and through the foothills of the mountain range, tunneling under the rivers instead of passing over them. In a half hour we are sweeping through rice fields, beyond which rises old Bismarck. This has become well known among the Japanese and foreigners from its resemblance to the bald head of the old German statesman, who had only a few stray hairs standing up from the top of his pate. The two or three lonely trees on top of the hill, which can easily be seen from a great distance, makes the resemblance striking enough for the nickname which has long been used in and about Kobe.

Some of our party took "rickshaws" from the wayside station, where we left the train, while three of us concluded to walk. A few minutes brought us to the opening of a mountain gorge, down which the water poured in tiny rivulets, gathered in waterfalls, leaped from crag to crag, dashed over bowlders, and finally gathered in a stream which swept swiftly by our very feet. The road ran zigzag, in and out, around the side of this ravine, looking at times as though it would be swept by the torrent from under our feet, and at others, as we looked up, seemed to be suspended in mid-air. The Japanese are rightly famous for their country roads so beautifully made, so well kept up, and making it possible for the people who live in one valley to cross over the mountain ranges, with vegetables and fruits on their backs, to the villages and market towns in another valley on the far side of the range.

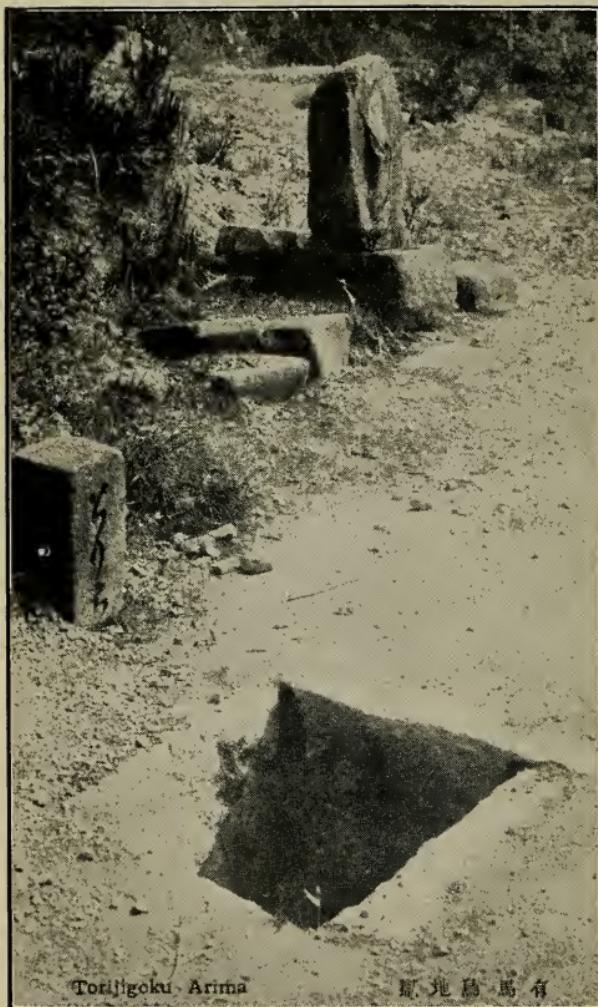
One intensely interesting thing we saw as we made our way up to Arima was what might be called the "shingling of the mountains." The rains are so heavy and the earth so loose that the mountain sides are continually washing away. Pebbles, rocks, and even great bowlders are loosened from their places, rolled down the gorge into the bed of the stream, and are swept out

into the valley below, destroying the rice and beans and injuring the little farms on every side. To stop this, men are employed by the government to climb up the steep hillside with clumps of sod in their hands. These are actually fastened into the ground by sharp bamboo stakes driven through them, just as a carpenter fastens shingles on the roof of a house with nails. Line after line of sod is fastened upon these bare places, sometimes tied with straw ropes, until the grass can get a foothold, and thus the nakedness of the mountain is covered with a garment of green and the farmers miles below have their little farms and garden plots preserved from the dangerous wash and flood which once in a while carries their thatched cottages into the sea.

We reach Arima at last. It has been a hard climb, but a delightful one. The little town is nestled away among the mountains, and a portion of it is said by some of the Japanese to be in the crater of an old volcano. Up from the tiny Japanese house where we stayed the cliffs rose like sentinels about us; so steep were the walls that it looked as though only an ant might climb up, and yet one morning flags were flying from the very edge, planted there by some active Japanese boys who had scaled the heights from a rugged path on the opposite side.

Whether this be a crater or not, there are so many things told us about it and the history of the town that we feel as though we were over a volcano. Four or five years ago the people who lived here were greatly alarmed by the jarring of the earth beneath their feet and by the terrific explosions which fell upon their ears. At first they thought it was the blasting of blocks of granite in some quarry down in the valley; then they supposed it to be gun practice across the mountains on the bay near Kobe, where the Japanese battle ships cast anchor. But these terrible noises continued by day and by night. The glass rattled in the windows, the tumblers jingled on the tables in the hotel, and then would come a sudden bumping of the earth under their feet like that of a farm wagon jostling over a rough country road. At last the scientists and students of earthquakes came from Tokyo and elsewhere, and after a careful examination declared that there was a great cavern in the earth under one of the mountains near Arima, and that the jarring and sound of explosions were caused by the roof of an immense hollow place in the earth caving in. This so alarmed the people of Arima that many of them left their homes. After a few months, however, the noises ceased, and here the Japanese are back again, bathing as usual in the





Torijigoku, Arima

有馬鳥地獄

TORIJIGOKU, ARIMA.

hot springs, making their beautiful basketware, having little family picnics on the mountain side, and enjoying the quiet and rest of the summer season, apparently without fear of what might happen at any moment.

An interesting walk about Arima is to the waterfall, where, like a bridal veil, down through the pine trees and then over the rocks, there tumbles a stream of water which is one of the attractions of the place. Just beyond that, along a narrow path, where we walked through groves of waving bamboo, is the *Torijigoku*, or Bird Hell. In the ground at our very feet there is a square hole. It seems to have rocky sides and must be very deep. It is half full of water, dark brown in color, and on the surface of which bubbles are constantly rising. We are told by the Japanese that no bird can fly across this place with safety. If one chances to be too venturesome and comes within a few feet of the *Torijigoku*, he is overcome by some magic spell and falls helplessly into the jaws of this earth monster. If this were in China, they would be sure to say that it was a dragon under the ground with his mouth wide open waiting to destroy its victim.

Looking down into this gruesome place, we actually find a dead bird. It seems to have

fallen during its flight across the place, for there is no tree above our heads, or perhaps it unsuspectingly lighted on the edge and was overcome. The explanation is in the poisonous gas which comes up through the water. The poor little bird breathes some of this into his lungs, and before he knows it is overcome and drops dead. So famous is this spot that the Japanese have cut the name *Torijigoku* in the stone near by which marks the place, and have erected a shrine just a few feet beyond, where an image of Buddha has been engraved on a block of granite and stands guard, as it were, between the parting of the ways, for two paths meet at this point.

We are glad to have other memories connected with Arima in the mountains. The Presbyterian missionaries have held delightful meetings here and the Methodists have just closed their Annual Conference, over which Bishop A. W. Wilson presided. As we sat in the little chapel by the side of the road on Sunday morning and heard the missionary children sing "There Is Sunshine in My Soul," it did seem one of the loveliest spots on earth. There was no quaking of mountains nor rumbling under the ground. The rain that had been pouring down in torrents had ceased, and down through the tender leaves of the Japanese maple the sunshine glint-

ed and traveled until every shadow seemed to be chased away, and there was joy and gladness in every face and in every heart. May we not sincerely hope that this may be a prophecy to us of the future of Japan, when the light of God's truth is to be found everywhere?

## XII.

### OUTDOOR LIFE IN KOREA.

THERE is a legend in Korea that three sages, three thousand years ago, came out of a fissure in the ground. This was on the island of Quelpart, to which Prince Pak Yong Ho was recently exiled. Each of the wise men found a large box floating in from the south containing a pony, a calf, a pig, a dog, and a wife. The pony in the story is put first and the poor wife comes last. But this is the place that woman too often occupies in heathen countries. Girls frequently have no names at all, and are numbered one, two, three. Even grown women are spoken of as "the daughter of so and so" or "the sister of so and so."

But to return to the pony. He is the liveliest thing in Korea. When I made my trip from Wonsan to Seoul with Dr. Hardie over the mountains, I was given one of these ponies to ride. He was so small my feet almost touched the ground, but we waded or swam through the deepest rivers and climbed the steepest mountain

roads. His nostrils were slit to give him wind, and he was so particular that he would only drink hot water and eat cooked food. The river water is so cold, coming as it does from the mountains, that the natives train the ponies not to drink the water for fear of colic.

When we reached the inn, or caravansary, at night, we passed in through a great front gate and came to a court, on one side of which was a row of sheds with tile or straw roof, hard earthen floor well tramped down, and troughs hewn out of solid logs, where the ponies were fed. The impatient little animals would scream and kick for a whole half hour while their beans and chopped straw were being boiled in another part of the court. The noise was so great at one time early in the night and the yells of the *mapu* (horse boys) were so fierce that I ran out into the court to see what the trouble was. The confusion was great enough for it to have been a tiger carrying one of these little Shetland ponies off in his mouth. It turned out to be a fight over some beans between my pony and his neighbor. Mine had behaved himself so badly that two of the *mapu* had put a rope under his forelegs, thrown it over a beam, and had actually pulled him up off the ground. He was so chagrined at this sort of punishment in the presence of all

the other ponies that he behaved himself for the rest of the night; but he lost his supper.

One of the ponies in our party lay down twice in the middle of a river, leaving his rider to flounder out the best way he could. While a pony will kick a stranger and try to bite his feet off, as mine did several times, he will let the *mapu* catch him by the nose or hold on to his tail as he goes up over the rocky hills. It is astonishing what these little fellows can carry. One of ours had on top of his wooden pack saddle two boxes, one on each side filled with food and cooking utensils, on top of these a folding cot, on top of the cot a cotton mattress and a bundle of bedding, with an American leather valise to balance the bundle, and a frying pan on top of all. It was a curious sight, but that frying pan turned out to be one of the most valuable articles we had. It and the coffee pot were on the fire morning and night. With a cup of hot coffee in the early morning while the stars were still shining, a piece of fried ham, and a slice of toast browned over the fire on the end of a stick, we made a good breakfast and were ready for a big day's travel.

The Koreans are as fond of dried fish as we are of smoked ham. The sea on the east coast and far to the south furnishes a fish called the

*ling*, which is caught by thousands, dried, packed in bundles, and carried on the *jiggy* or on pony back into the remote mountain regions. Shark meat is much eaten and so is the octopus, with its ugly body and its dangling legs, which make the latter one of the most hideous monsters of the deep. It has a pouch out of which is thrown an inky sort of fluid which discolors the water so that its victims fail to see it approach. Then with those slimy legs it coils itself all around its prey until the poor frightened victim cannot get away. In some portions of the Japan Sea the octopus has been found large enough to drag a fisherman to the bottom.

In ancient times among the islands south of Korea there was much fishing done by the Koreans; but it has fallen largely into the hands of the Japanese, who now include the fishing for pearls. It is along the rivers, even in the winter time when they are frozen up hard and fast, that we can see the native fisherman seeking his daily meal. Far out on the ice, with a log under him or a rude sled, with a straw mat folded up for warmth and protection, the fisherman seats himself at the hole he has cut in the ice. He has so many cotton-padded jackets on, and his big trousers and wooden shoes are so bunglesome, that it is a wonder he can exert himself enough

to do anything. Even his head is wrapped up until you can see only his face and his black topknot sticking up through his cap. Here he sits by the hour awaiting his opportunity to harpoon the unwary fish that come to the surface, or to catch them in the meshes of his little scoop net.

It takes very little to make some people satisfied. About the only enjoyment this fisherman has is his pipe, with a bowl the size of a thimble. The pipestem is made of bamboo, and often is so long that the bowl can rest on the ground while the smoker puffs at the other end. On our way to Seoul we saw one man at the railway station who had a pipe so long that he could not reach the bowl with a match while he had the stem in his mouth. We all wondered what he was going to do. He solved the problem easily by lighting a match, sticking the end of it in the ground, and then standing off with one end of the pipe in his mouth he applied the other to the fire and puffed away with all his might.

These simple-hearted people are fond of working together. This is true of them when transplanting the rice in the spring or cutting the wheat in the autumn. When eight or ten laborers get together, as they often do, in spading dirt with a long-handled spade held by one man, while

four or five more on each side grasp a straw rope fastened near the blade, they wait until the leader chants a song of four syllables, repeat it after him, give a jerk and a swing, and throw the dirt far off into the field. Here is one of their labor songs:

Take a hold there, take a hold there;  
Don't be lazy, don't be lazy;  
Whoop her up, whoop her up.  
Ho, there! Ho, there!  
Knock 'em silly, knock 'em silly;  
Now the chorus, now the chorus,  
Hey—ah, Hey—ah.

The leader repeats the first words, the men repeat them again, and then they all join in the chorus. In this way much of the hard work they have to do is made easy, and what otherwise would be a burden too hard to be borne is turned into a sort of amusement for the crowd.

### XIII.

#### THE STREETS OF SEOUL.

THE main streets of the city of Seoul, the capital of Korea, are very broad; but like those of Peking, China, they are often so filled up with little booths on each side that it is difficult on a market day to get along in some places. We meet a man with a *jiggy* on his back. This is a carrying frame made of wood and preferably of the two branches of a tree, with the smaller branch sticking out at an angle from the larger so as to form a big notch or rack into which almost anything can be placed, from pine brush piled higher than a man's head to a pig with its feet tied hard and fast and sometimes a straw rope tied around its mouth. It is said that some of these *jiggy* men can carry two barrels of flour on their backs. The coolie sets his *jiggy* on the ground and props it up with a forked stick. When he takes up his load he kneels down and puts his arms through two loops made of rope that are fitted to his shoulders. By leaning forward he gets the weight on his back and hips, rises first from one knee and then from the other

by the aid of his forked stick, and off goes the *jiggy-koon* (for that is what they call him) for a trip of one hundred miles perhaps, making the journey in three days.

Here is a booth in which an old man with a high-top hat, long linen robe, and a pipe which reaches to the ground is selling medicine. On the table before him are roots and herbs of every kind. When you come to look carefully you also find tiger's bones to make you brave if you are timid, antelope powder to make you spry if you have the rheumatism, and powdered centipedes to be taken with hot water if you have the stomach ache. These are the old-style Korean remedies with which people are doctored. Yonder at the head of the street, out through the city gate, is Dr. Avison's Mission Hospital, where poor sick Koreans can have the best medical and surgical treatment, without centipedes or tiger's bones. It is a pleasure to turn from the one and enter the other, where the trained nurses pass quietly around the beds in the sick wards and where the Christian doctor is so able and willing to do his utmost to stop the pain and save the life of the suffering Korean patient.

We meet two women who are curiously enough dressed. One has a white veil, or gown, drawn so closely around her face that you can

see only her nose and one eye; while the other wears a quaint garment with what looks like green sleeves hanging down on each side of her head, and the body of the gown is folded up on top of her head in a little square pad. This is the costume that many women wear when they walk on the streets of the capital.

One story I heard in accounting for it was that in ancient times Korea was constantly threatened by her enemies. The Chinese soldiers would overrun one side of the country and the Japanese the other. Then again the Koreans warred among themselves. They wore armor when they went to the battle, and fought with bows, arrows, and spears. As they could not wear this armor all the time and guard their flocks or cultivate the fields, the women would put on the armor and carry the weapons of warfare ready to hand to their husbands or sons in case of need. When the time passed for guarding themselves in this way the custom had become so old and habitual that the women began to wear green or purple gowns on their heads in imitation of a suit of armor. It is a queer story and hard to believe.

Looking down a side street, the eye falls upon a great stone tortoise with an immense tablet of solid rock rising from the middle of his back. It is one of the curiosities of Seoul, because of its

size and of the beautiful work in stone. The tortoise is symbolical of long life, and these monuments are often erected in China and in Korea to commemorate some great deed or in memory of some distinguished man.

This reminds me of a story which Mr. Hubert tells and which makes us think of "Uncle Remus:" "A wicked tortoise, in search of a rabbit's liver to use as medicine in healing the sea king's daughter, persuaded a rabbit into riding on its back across the water to an island that the tortoise said was a rabbit's paradise. When well out from shore the tortoise warned the rabbit to prepare to die, for his liver was needed by the sick daughter far down under the water. After a moment's thought the rabbit laughed and said: 'You might have had it without all this trouble. We are made with removable livers, so that after eating too much we can throw our livers out and wash them and keep them cool. I had just laid mine out to dry when you came, and your story was so fascinating that I forgot the liver entirely. You are welcome to it if you will let me show you where it is.' The tortoise turned round and swam to the shore to get the rabbit's liver. The latter jumped off and scampered away, having a good laugh at the expense of his enemy."

On our left along the street, not far from our

mission houses, is a paper store. The Koreans are noted for their splendid oil paper. Great sheets of it are made for the floor and of such a size as to fill the whole room. These are easily washed and kept clean. Fans are made of the same material and pasted on fine strips of bamboo. The fan is so strong and the paper so well oiled that it can be dipped in water without hurting it and be used as a sprinkler for the floor or the yard in front or at the back of the store. The Koreans taught the Japanese the art of making paper.

A side street crosses a ditch at the bottom of which is a little stream of running water. This must be washing day. A row of women on this side and several on the other are rubbing and scrubbing their clothes on the rough stones which are placed at intervals on each side of the water. Woe be to you if you have come from America with a small stock of linen collars and cuffs or any other sort of clothes that need to be washed often! If the stone is not rough enough, a stick is brought into play, and the clothes are hammered with a good will until the washerwoman is satisfied that she has done her best to break every button, rip up the seams, and wear an occasional hole here and there.

Another duty of the women is full of interest



WASHING.



IRONING.



to the tourist: that of pounding their clothes, or rather their husband's clothes. The first night I spent in Seoul, long after the midnight hour in an alley near by I heard a pounding which was done with such regularity that it seemed to be a part of a machine. The next morning I was told that it was probably some man's wife who was beating his linen gown with paddles, which are slightly curved and which by these regular strokes not only smooth the wrinkles out of the linen gown and thus iron it, but make it glisten and shine until it looks as though it were absolutely new. Sometimes instead of one woman two will do the ironing, so that four sticks are applied to the cloth, which is laid on a piece of wood in folds. All night long they may continue the work of preparing the master of the house for his journey or official visit, when he must be clothed with all the dignity that his stiffened and whitened gown can give him. Truly half of the people in this world do not know how the other half live.

## XIV.

### THE TIGER HUNTER.

KIM IN WON, the tiger hunter, has just been in to see me. He is the first baptized member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Korea, and lives in the little village of Ko Yang. Although the old man is seventy-six years of age, he is quite erect, still vigorous, and has walked over fifteen miles this morning to pay his respects to the visitor who has come from America.

A number of years ago Dr. Scranton, of Seoul, had some colporteurs under his direction, two of whom went to the village of Ko Yang to sell Bibles. Hearing of Mr. Kim, who had a reputation in all that section as a hunter and a man of great courage, they called at his home. The following is his story of the visit and what occurred afterwards as he told it to me, Rev. W. G. Cram acting as my interpreter:

“They came to my village and to my home,” said Mr. Kim. “When I found them at my door, I said: ‘Come in.’ Upon asking their mission they replied that they came to sell a wonderful book and to preach about the new doctrine.” The

old man, in his vigorous way and with a twinkle in his eye, looked at me and remarked: "I told them to begin preaching at once that I might hear them. They did so and preached well. When they had finished, I said that I would believe from this time. They both seemed glad, and perhaps would have been contented to go to another village; but I was not willing for them to do this, and said: 'Let us go right out and begin to preach to the villagers of Ko Yang.' "

Dr. C. F. Reid baptized Mr. Kim fourteen years ago. His son and grandson are both Christians. He brought me a letter which he had written the Doctor, and asked me to convey it to him with his love. He was delighted to know that while the good Doctor was living in Oakland, Cal., and prevented from returning to Korea, his son, Dr. Wightman Reid, was coming to Korea to take charge of the hospital in Songdo.

I knew the old man was a famous tiger hunter as well as an earnest Christian. Eight years ago, when on a visit to Korea, one dark night he and another native Christian walked two miles through a drizzling rain to meet me on my way to Ko Yang. When I dismounted and urged him, who was so much older than I, to get on my pony and ride over the slippery road, he

laughed and said: "How could I respect myself to have you walk when you have come ten thousand miles from the Christian land to visit Korea in her darkness and need?" He would not ride, and so we walked along together to his house, where he had a warm supper prepared for us, and where we spent the hours until midnight with the rooms packed full of listeners as we went over the old story of how Jesus came to save the world from its sin.

Reminding him of that visit and that we were old friends, I asked him to tell me something of his life as a hunter. He replied that from twenty years of age he had with knife and gun sought the tiger in the mountains, and in all had killed fourteen of them with his own hand. Korean tigers are among the largest and fiercest. It is said that during some winters, when the snow remains long on the ground, they have been known to leap upon the roof of a Korean house, tear up the thatch, and carry off one of the children. The year before I made my last visit to this country a hungry tiger had come into the village in the neighborhood of Wonsan and carried off a yearling calf between his jaws.

"Have you ever been in peril of your life?" I asked, trying to draw the old man out.

"Yes," he said; "I had to face one tiger so



KIM, THE TIGER HUNTER.



large that it took eight men to carry him after I had killed the beast. For a while it seemed impossible for me to overcome him. At another time an unusually large tiger, which I had shot, leaped upon me. I fell with my face to the ground as he sprang, and was bitten by him on the back; but my clothing was so loose that it got tangled in his teeth."

"How in the world did you escape?" I asked.

He replied: "A friend was with me on the hunt. I cried out to him: 'Can't you help a fellow? Shoot, or I will be a dead man.' He dared not shoot for fear of killing me, but he beat the tiger with the butt of his gun. The ferocious beast sprang forward and fell into a ditch, carrying me with him. The bullets which I had already put into his body had taken effect, and he was dead. With my back badly torn and bleeding, I crawled out from under the tiger's body with the help of my friend and found myself still able to walk. He stopped the blood and then we measured the tiger's mouth with a stick and found it one foot wide."

Looking at me with his honest eyes, he said: "Ah, Moksa, what am I that I should have escaped from a tiger with such a mouth as that? Surely the Lord wanted me for something."

At another time he told me that just as he was

about to shoot his gun exploded. The very mountains seemed to leap into the air. His clothing was torn, and he actually found a piece of the gun up one of his sleeves. Others looking on remarked: "He is preserved by the Lord of heaven."

I said to old Mr. Kim, who was decorated by the Emperor for his bravery and prowess as a tiger hunter, and who wears the decoration, which is something like an earring: "You have indeed been preserved by the Heavenly Father to be a witness among your own people. Do you preach to them?" I asked.

"Yes," said the old man, "I try to be a faithful witness; but the ears of the people are wet. They listen like they had a wet cloth over their ears; they do not believe in the power of the gospel, and say: 'How can any man do that?' But," he continued, "there is a little group of faithful ones who are true to God."

It was an inspiration to talk with old Kim and find how simple and childlike was his faith in Christ. He had come with his long white linen robe on, which was spotlessly clean. Under the robe and fastened to his waist was a linen bag, and upon my inquiring what he carried about him in so large a bundle he smiled and, reaching down, produced a well-worn New Testament and

a hymn book, without which he never went anywhere. As we parted, after a prayer in English and then one in Korean, he said: "The joy of the presence of the Holy Spirit in my heart is without limit. I read the third chapter of Hebrews and pray that Christ will help me to hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end." Then brushing the tears from his eyes, he added: "Sometimes as I lie upon my back in my little village home it seems to me I can see Christ bearing the cross for me. It is too much, it is too much that a poor creature such as I should have so great a Saviour. Pray that I may not fall into temptation, but be kept faithful and be able at last to enter upon the Sabbath of the Lord, where I shall have rest for evermore."

Surely the missionaries must have great encouragement in the conversion of a man who was so bold and fierce in early life, but now has become gentle and so full of patience and faith that he is a living example and pattern to his own countrymen.

## XV.

### COUNTRY FOLKS.

THE best way to study a country is to see how the real folks live. The most of these are found out in the country living a simple life. Here we are in a little valley with high mountains on each side. The mountains in Korea are beautiful, even if they are bare. In the springtime they are colored with pinks, azaleas, wild daisies, here and there a tiger lily, and down behind the rocks or just on the border of the rank grass are modest little violets that are just as fragrant as those of Tennessee or Kentucky. In the autumn, when the November sun rises and sets, these rugged old mountains have a rosy hue and then a deep purple coloring that lifts you straight up to God and makes you think of higher things. I can't help but think that some of the strength of character which the Koreans have comes from their great mountains that tower so high above their heads. But at last it takes the Spirit of Him who made the everlasting hills to change the heart and purify the life.

Yonder to the right on the hillside is a wheat field where the grain has been cut close to the ground with a sickle. Higher up you see buckwheat growing with its reddish stem and small white flower not yet ripe. Men must be like goats to be able to scramble up such steep places, plant and cultivate the grain, and then carry it on their backs to the little villages that, with their brown straw roofs, look like clumps of mushrooms down below. In our walk we have just reached one of these curious little dwellings, with its mud walls daubed on a frame of reeds and wood. Some parts of it seem to be blocks of earth cut with a spade and piled up between wooden posts until they have dried there hard and fast. The floor is of earth, beaten down hard, while the roof, curiously enough, is the most expensive part of the house. It consists of layers of straw placed one above the other until the covering is nearly a foot thick, and then straw ropes are passed over the roof from front to rear and end to end to hold the straw down. Once or twice I have seen a piece of rock tied to the end of each rope and dangling at the eaves in order to keep the wind from blowing the roof off. I couldn't help but wonder what would become of the little baby boy toddling around if those rocks should fall. The reason the roof fre-

quently costs more than the house is because it has to be renewed so often.

We have almost stumbled upon a threshing floor, like one of those mentioned in the Bible stories. The flails have been laid aside, for the wheat has been threshed and is now gathered on big straw mats to dry in the sun. The old farmer, whose skin is blackened by exposure to many a summer's sun and whose blacker topknot sticks straight up from his head like a handle, is spreading the wheat back and forth with a wooden rake, which is only a board fastened to the end of a stick. His shoes are more interesting than his rake. They are also made of wood and are like two little canoes in shape, turning up as they do at the toe and the heel. They are made for mud, as they stand up on two little wooden props, but he has gotten into them to walk in the wheat that he might not get it dirty. Alas! he seems to forget that the threshing floor was the lounging place for the dogs and the family pig before they began their work and that his wife forgot to wash his shoes after the last rain. A good many of these farmers wear straw shoes made in their homes during the long winter days and sometimes leather sandals made out of raw-hide, which are fastened round the instep and ankles by a leather thong.

What a primitive mill with which to crush the wheat or whiten the rice! The rice, however, is generally whitened in a big wooden mortar as big as a bushel basket, the grain being pounded with a double-headed club four or five feet long, skillfully handled by the farmer, but more often by his wife. The winnowing of the wheat may be left to the boys, as it is a lighter job. Sometimes the grain is tossed in the air from a big shovel and caught again or from a basket held in both hands, while the wind blows the chaff away and leaves the wheat or rice, as the case may be. One would almost think he had been on a trip to Palestine or to Mexico.

It is not always possible to get a peep into a Korean house, but permission is given us to do it in this case. It happens to be the kitchen, where we find the range with three vessels—one for hot water, one for cooking rice, and another for beans. The Koreans have a curious notion about a meddlesome little sprite called the *tokgabi*. Somehow he gets into the house through a crack or hole, flies into the kitchen, and then there is mischief on hand. They say one of his favorite amusements is to bewitch the rice kettle and make the cover fall in. It seems impossible for such a trick to be played, as the cover is larger than the kettle in which the rice is cooked. The

explanation has been made that when the cover is cold and the vessel, being very thin, gets heated up quickly and expands before the cover does the latter might possibly fall in. Suspended from the eaves of the house near the back door is a wisp of straw with which to frighten this sprite away, or a bundle of rags may be tied up there for the same purpose. When these fail and they still have trouble in the kitchen, their only recourse, as these poor deluded people believe, is to smash up the pots and earthenware vessels and pitch them out of doors.

The mill made of two stones used in the kitchen and worked by two women (for one generally pours in the grain while the other turns) makes one think again of the Scriptures. Here they are making the flour of wheat or barley a little finer in their preparation for the family meal.

The range is fearfully and wonderfully made. In the kitchen the meals are cooked over it, and in the company room, which may be next to the kitchen, the guests who spend the night are also pretty well cooked by morning. The heat runs from the range through earthen flues under the floor of the guest room and other parts of the house. During a trip through the country several years ago I got so hot in the night I had to go out in the court, where the ponies were, to

cool down; and we heard of one missionary who went to bed with some candles in his pocket and dreamed that he was melting. When he woke up he was sure that he was melting. Shaking himself and putting his hand in his pocket, where he felt the hottest (for he had lain down with his clothes on, it was so late and he was so tired), there was nothing left of the candles but the wicks.

Korean winters are very severe. It is necessary to provide against them; hence these stoves under the floor. They have not learned how to ventilate their houses, either in summer or winter, and so the belated traveler is likely to get a roast at any season of the year.

## XVI.

### THE RUBBER CHURCH.

THE city of Pyeng Yang, far away in the north of Korea, is a great missionary center. The Presbyterians and Methodists are here side by side, working together with a beautiful spirit in the schools, in the hospitals, and out in the evangelistic field. Having heard so much about the work here, I could not leave Korea without making a visit.

After a day's ride from Seoul on the train, we got off at the station, a mile from the city, and were told to get into a street car. We looked about us and asked where the car was, thinking we might see an electric line or a horse car or certainly one with a mule hitched to it. Our missionary friend, Mr. Noble, who met us, pointed to something like a piano box on wheels, and asked us to get in. There were two hard benches back to back, and we soon found ourselves on one side—four of us—with two Japanese and two Chinese on the other. It was a funny experience, for the seat was so narrow we could hardly sit on it, and the car was so small that our feet

dangled over the sides. The question was how we were to travel without steam, electricity, or horse power. While I was still puzzling over the situation two big Korean coolies came up from behind, put their bare shoulders to the platform of the car, and began to push with all their might. From a walk they soon got into a trot and then a run, and finally as we ran down grade in some places it became a wild race. Once in a while they would get a foothold, pull themselves up, and ride; but most of the time they were on their feet pushing and singing or yelling until it sounded as if we had a couple of wild Indians after us. This was our introduction to the streets of Pyeng Yang.

From Mr. Noble's front porch we had a splendid view of the river as it wound around the city and swept on to the sea. In that very stream, and not far away, about forty years ago the entire crew of a schooner called the "General Sherman" were murdered by the Koreans. It was no wonder they were treated so badly, because these men had come, so it was said, to rob and plunder the graves of the Korean kings in their search for gold. The natives were maddened by the presence of the foreigners, whom they distrusted; and finally, after firing arrows at them in vain and wasting their ammunition (for their

guns were only matchlocks), they made fire rafts, floated them down the river, and burned up the intruders' vessel, killing those who escaped to the shore.

Far up the river on the left bank in a peaceful spot there stands a wonderful illustration of the power of the gospel. It is what I call the "Rubber Church." It belongs to the Presbyterians and has been built in sections. First, they began with a square in the middle of the lot. This section held about two hundred and fifty people. When it was filled, they built the church out on one side and added another section. When that was filled, they stretched the church out on the opposite side and added another section. And the next will be an extension on the north, perhaps, and the one following that will be on the south. On Sunday afternoon we attended a service in another Presbyterian church, where over one thousand men sat on the floor, hymn book in hand, and joined in the singing of praise and thanksgiving to God until the sound rolled out upon the air and swept down the stream where the fire and flood had consumed their enemies only a few years ago. In the congregation that afternoon there were earnest Christian men who had themselves taken part in the battle with the General Sherman.

How odd it is to see a church full of men every Sunday and no women or children! Even if they do have rubber churches, they can't stretch them fast enough to hold the Church members and the inquirers. The women have their service Sunday morning, there being no room in the afternoon, when seven hundred of them meet to worship Him who has done so much to give peace to their hearts and blessings to their homes. There could hardly be a more interesting sight. Each woman wears a linen skirt, which has been carefully pressed and ironed, with a short white sack above that, and a snow-white turban bound around her jet-black hair. The children on such occasions have green and pink and red trousers and jackets, and when they sit together bunched up in a group they look for the world like a patch of sweet pease, but not quite so fragrant.

Some of the women who came to the Presbyterian Bible School for ten days' study walked over one hundred miles with their babies on their backs in addition to their bedding and a sack of rice or wheat under their arms with which to feed themselves that they might be no expense to their missionary teachers. It was just such earnest women as these whom we saw at Wonsan coming up to the preacher one Sunday night with the rings they had pulled off their fingers,

asking that he sell them and use the money to help pay for the building of their church.

There are two intensely interesting spots in Pyeng Yang. One is the grave of Kija, the noble Chinaman who centuries ago came to Korea, founded this city, taught the people, established a government, and conferred upon them many blessings which have continued to this day. The well which he dug, and which is the far-famed "Kija Well," can still be seen as you go from the station to the city. The grave of this great statesman, who left his native land and was buried in foreign soil, is found near the oldest city wall, now little more than a mound of earth. It is the oldest of the three city walls belonging to the city, and was built by its founder to protect the little colony which was the beginning of a nation.

The other spot is the grave of Dr. D. C. Rankin, of Nashville, Tenn. He was for a number of years Editorial Secretary of the Board of Missions of the Southern Presbyterian Church. Never was there a sweeter-spirited man. He loved children, and was so kind and thoughtful that there was not a child who knew him who did not trust him absolutely. His kindness to animals was such that in their dumb way they confided in him as their best friend.

One dark night I called to see him when he lived on Garland Avenue, back of the Vanderbilt University. It had been raining hard. He pointed to a very large cat lying on the hearth in front of the fire, and said that half an hour before he heard a scratching at the door of his study. Upon his opening the door the cat walked deliberately in to where he had resumed his seat and laid on the floor a little kitten which was nearly drowned and which he had picked up out in the street. Tom then looked up at him as if to say, "Help this poor little waif, for I have done all that I can," licked the kitten on the face, and went off to the fire to dry his own coat. The Doctor said to me: "How could I resist such an appeal as that?"

His great heart of love took in the whole world. On his table could be found papers published in French with which he was studying the condition of the poor African slaves in the Congo Free State, and by their side were letters from China and Korea, which led him finally to take that long journey that he might the better know how to lay the needs of the heathen before the people of his own Church. Never very strong, the strain was too much for him, and he laid down his life among the Koreans. It was not a life lost. On the other hand, it would seem as

though influences have gone out through his sacrifice, and that of others, which have helped to make Pyeng Yang the greatest missionary center of Korea—sacrifices that will result in greater blessings to the Koreans through the gospel than Kija, with all his learning, could ever have hoped to confer.

## XVII.

### CANAL LIFE IN CHINA.

THE Grand Canal of China stretches nearly five hundred miles from the city of Hangchow on the south to within a short distance of Tientsin on the north. It is wonderful to think of this having been dug out with hoes and the dirt carried off in baskets on men's shoulders. The tens of thousands of coolies at work must have looked like so many ants. Out from this great waterway on each side are smaller canals, which run in every direction until they form a network of water connecting every village and every town in the lower valley of the Yang-tse River.

Upon these canals are to be seen big house boats owned by mandarins, with banners flying, a gong to be beaten on the bow, and a yellow dragon flag flying from the stern. The next one we meet may be a tiny mail boat propelled by a man in the stern, who rows with his feet, paddles with his hands, steers with another small paddle under his arm, and can actually smoke a pipe while he is doing all three. In addition to the

mail, this boat can carry one or two passengers, provided they lie down and keep perfectly still. To sit up any length of time and not turn over, one must almost have his hair parted in the middle. One foreigner who was obliged to ride in a mail boat and who chewed tobacco said he was afraid to change his quid from one side of his mouth to the other.

The Ningpo boats have large staring eyes, one on each side of the bow. Upon being asked why these eyes are necessary, a Chinaman replied in pigeon English:

No got eyes, no can see;  
No can see, no can savvy;  
No can savvy, how can makee walkee water.

The word "savvy" means understand.

There is much about the Chinese boats which makes one think of a fish. The bow of the boat may have the eyes just mentioned; in the stern of the boat is the *yulow*, made like a fish's tail, by which the boat is propelled; on each side near the middle of many of the sailboats is a broad board six or eight feet long, which looks like a fin and is let down in the water to prevent being capsized; while the sails, especially about Hongkong and Canton, stand up like the dorsal fins of a perch. In the spring of every year there

is the dragon boat festival, when a number of craft, highly painted, are launched upon the canals; and these to the simple country people, who flock by the hundreds to the scene in their holiday dress, are made to look as though they were monsters of the deep just come to the surface for their benefit.

There are many ways to catch fish, but one of the most curious is by the use of cormorants. These are large birds with black feathers and wings, long bills, keen eyes, and a pouch-like throat. The fisherman who owns the cormorants has trained them from the time they were small. They are fond of fish, and he began by throwing them into the canal, where they would dive instantly upon sighting their prey, but would be pulled back to the boat by the string which had been fastened to their legs. When once they have acquired the habit of catching fish quickly and returning to their master, the string is taken off, an iron ring is fastened around the neck, and then they are ready to serve him as his most trusty servants. He flings them into the canal; they swiftly disappear, then come to the surface and are lifted by the fisherman up to the side of the boat on the end of a bamboo; then comes the most interesting part of the process. The cormorant is allowed to swallow every fish that will go

down his throat. Fish above a certain size he cannot swallow on account of the ring, try as hard as he may. The fisherman catches the bird by the neck, chokes him until he opens his mouth, and pulls the half-swallowed fish out by the tail.

It is estimated that ten million people in China live on the water. How they manage to get a living is difficult to explain when one finds three generations in a single boat. We passed one that was really a floating farm. There was a cow in the bow of the boat with an iron ring through her nose and a rope attached to the ring, which held her fast, or by means of which one of the boys led her out to eat grass along the bank. Next came two pigs, fed and cared for in a little space about four feet wide and six feet long. Then came the middle room, occupied by the grandfather and grandmother. The next room back of them contained the father and mother, and with them were the four or five sons and daughters who helped take care of the stock, cook the food, and row the boat. Far back on the stern was the big bamboo basket in which the chickens were being raised, and swimming about on the canal a flock of ducks that had been hatched from eggs kept warm in the cotton-padded quilts of the farmer and his wife, and some of them carried about in the bosom of the

old grandmother, who had no other occupation left her but to hatch chickens and ducks. Far in the distance beyond the three boats upon which we saw the cormorants sitting quietly for a resting spell is the beautiful sixty-three-arch marble bridge which runs along the Grand Canal beyond the city of Soochow.

The city is situated in the center of a great plain, which is filled with canals teeming with life. In addition to the gateways through which travelers enter the city and reach its thoroughfares, there are the many water gates which connect the inner with the outer moat and through which boats can reach the heart of the city and go out in every direction to the villages beyond. It is thus that opportunities are given to reach the Chinese everywhere by water as well as by land.

## XVIII.

### THE KING OF THE THIEVES.

THERE is a proverb which runs: "Set a thief to catch a thief." I did not know that there was a King of the Thieves until our house in Shanghai was robbed the third time, and it became necessary to take unusual measures in order to stop these depredations. A number of things were taken each time, but the last night the thief came he entered the bedroom of two American gentlemen, took what he could lay his hands upon, and the next morning they failed to come to breakfast because they had no trousers to put on. This was the straw that broke the camel's back, and a messenger was promptly sent summoning the King of the Thieves himself. At first he refused to come, and denied all knowledge of the case; but threats of the police brought him to his senses, and His Royal Highness came in person with several attendants.

Imagine a man weighing 250 pounds, with only one eye, without any ears, with a great gash across the back of his neck, with a deep red scar over one cheek, with only a thumb and two

fingers on one hand, and the loss of two fingers from the other. He was lame and had to ride on horseback or in a chair because the tendons above his heels had been cut in two at one time as a punishment. These slashes and scars, together with the loss of his eye and ears, had grown out of fights, captures, torture, and hair-breadth escapes almost without number. It was marvelous that such a man should have been allowed by the Chinese authorities to remain at liberty. In any other country he would have been securely locked up and imprisoned for life. But as the Chinese police force is ineffective, and this man had given up the business of stealing himself, he was permitted to become the King of the Thieves in order either to help the officials to catch other thieves that were not of his gang or recover property when it had been stolen.

A long palaver followed his examination of the house and of the rooms from which the stolen goods had been taken, the King all the time declaring that his men had no hand in the business, but that it was done by others. At this juncture one of the gentlemen who had lost his clothing, seeing several gold rings on the fingers of one of the King's lieutenants, seized the hand, pulled the rings off, put them in his pocket, and said

they would not be given back until the stolen property was restored. The plan worked like a charm. The next morning the two pairs of trousers reappeared, including what was in the pockets, and, in fact, everything else that had been taken.

So skillful was one of the professional thieves in Canton considered that a wager was laid between two Europeans that he could steal the sheet from under a man while he was in bed. The thief was sent for and was promised a handsome present if he could get the sheet without waking the other man up. In the morning he came back with a smiling face, with the sheet folded up in his hand. Upon being asked how he did it, his reply was that he had tickled the unconscious sleeper with a straw. Every time he moved an arm or a leg he would pull on the sheet; and finally getting him where he could make him turn over by the use of the straw, he pulled the sheet out altogether.

One form of punishment when a thief is caught is to put a board around his neck with a piece of paper pasted on the board giving the time and place where the theft occurred and a description of the articles stolen. Sometimes several are chained together and made to stand up against the wall on the side of the street

where the passers-by can see them. The board is called a *kangue*, is very heavy, prevents lying down, and sometimes is so large that the hand cannot be lifted to the mouth in taking food. In the case of highway robbers the *kangue* is fastened to the top of a wooden cage, which is so high that the robber can only stand on his toes, and there he hangs by his head until he starves to death.

One of the signs of better days in the Chinese Empire is an imperial edict to abolish death by such torture. It belongs to heathenism, and is a remnant of a barbaric age. With the entrance of a gospel of mercy and of a Christian civilization, the old methods will disappear and a more humane treatment of criminals prevail. In Japan these reforms have already accomplished much, and we may expect similar results in China within a few years.

## XIX.

### BEGGING A BUSINESS.

THE Chinese are not a lazy people. On the other hand, the millions who make up the Chinese Empire are industrious, frugal, and willing to work if they can get it. Where there are so many, however, it is difficult to make a living, and there must necessarily be a great deal of poverty. There are special causes of the poverty which exists, such as the frequent floods caused by the Yellow River overrunning its banks or changing its channel; these come so often that the river is called "China's Sorrow." Then there are famines, such as the one through which Central China passed in 1906. Probably half a million people starved to death, and half a million more, many of them women and children, were left without homes and without food. Again, the widespread use of opium has impoverished many and brought the smokers or their families to beggary.

Begging in China has been reduced to a science. It makes one think of Brazil, where in certain sections the country is divided up, and



PRINCE OF BEGGARS.



the beggars come round regularly on horseback to get their weekly fee. The Chinese have a King of the Beggars in some cities, who divides the town into districts, appoints his assistant beggars to their respective places, gives them his card or a slip of paper showing that they are authorized, and in return for a share in what they receive he gives them a shelter and sometimes provides tea and clothing.

One of the most picturesque figures is that of a professional beggar in Shanghai in his winter rig. He not only has on a coat of many colors, but it is made up of the coats of many animals. There are probably the skins of half a dozen cats, one dozen rats, and several dogs in its make-up. The interesting part of it all is that cats, rats, and dogs furnished him a number of meals, which he greatly enjoyed, before he made a double use of them by wearing their skins.

“Once a beggar, always a beggar,” is an old saying. Whether this is true or not, long-continued begging produces a habit and leads to much ingenuity in thinking up devices for tricking the public. A man came one day to a missionary holding out his right hand, with the palm turned up, and pointing to the wrist, where there was a fearful gash which extended through the tendons and blood vessels. Out of sympathy,

enough money was given him to last several days. At the end of a week he returned, asking for more help and again showing his wrist. The missionary's suspicions were aroused because there had been no change in the wound. He grasped the beggar's arm vigorously. The latter tried hard to get away, and in the struggle which ensued a casing of flesh-colored wax, with red paint to represent blood, fell off of his wrist, which was in as good condition as that of the other arm.

Recently while in Soochow an old Chinaman, staff in hand, came to Dr. Park's hospital gate asking alms. The Doctor had seen him several times before, and, knowing his accomplishments, told us to stand near by and see the old fellow perform. Dr. Park then told him that he could give him no money until he cried. At first he said he could not cry, but the reply was: "You cried like a good fellow when you came before, and you surely haven't forgotten how." With that the old professional bent himself over, began to work his face and knit his brows, then turned his eyes upward, and with a whine in his voice the tears actually filled the corners of his eyes and chased each other down his cheeks. It was the same day that another beggar, a younger man, came to the Doctor begging for money.

He was about to hand him a few copper cash when the saucy fellow straightened up and, with an air of independence, said: "You had better give me two dollars instead of a few cents; if you do, you will get rid of me, for I'll promise not to come again in six months or a year."

There is a school for beggars in which they are taught how to impose on different classes of people; how to put lime in their own eyes in order to produce blindness; how to tie a string around the foot above the ankle and let it cut into the flesh gradually until the foot drops off, so that the raw stump and bone can be shown to the public as the beggar sits by the roadside; and women are taught how to paste grains of soft-boiled rice on the faces and bodies of little children to imitate an eruption of smallpox. The child is laid on a piece of cloth by the roadside in expectation of passers-by tossing a copper cash for its relief.

While in the city of Peking years ago in charge of a hospital I had the honor of being elected the honorary physician to the "Beggars' Refuge." Of course I accepted, thinking it would be an opportunity to do good and reach some poor creatures who could not otherwise be helped. The first suggestion to be made was that of a bath tub with a wooden bottom on the inside and iron

on the outside, so that a fire could be made under the tub, thus heating the water and giving the beggars a much-needed hot bath. They seriously objected on the score of danger to their lives, as many of them had not bathed for ten years.

My first patient was brought to me as deaf as a post. Upon examination I found his ears stopped up with Peking dust and dirt, which was packed into a solid cake. An hour's work with warm water, soap, and a syringe opened up one ear, and another hour the second ear. As soon as hearing had been restored and he was positive of the fact he began to dance about the room (for this man was not anxious to be deaf), and then running to his comrades he told them that a miracle had been worked, for he had not been able to hear for months. My reputation was made, objections to the bath tub were withdrawn, and soon I had the pleasure of seeing my beggars washed and clean for once in their lives, and without any serious results.

These wretched people are not without gratitude. Dr. M. T. Yates, the great Baptist missionary who lived for so many years in Shanghai, saved the life of a poor fellow who had laid himself down to die at the Doctor's gate. The missionary by prompt treatment relieved him from

the attack of Asiatic cholera, with the result that the beggar returned ten days after, pledging the missionary that when they went to heaven he would become his donkey and let the Doctor ride him.

## XX.

### STRAW AND BAMBOO.

ONE hardly knows which to admire most, the ingenuity or the economy of the Chinese. They can make almost anything with their nimble fingers out of the very simplest and cheapest material, and at the same time they are obliged to economize by making a little go a long way.

It has interested me much to see what a Chinaman can make out of rice straw. The sandals worn by the farmer are made by his wife or by himself on rainy days or during the winter when he cannot work in the cold. Down on the dirt floor they patiently sit by the hour or upon low stools, rubbing and twisting the straw into cords, which are skillfully woven into sandals, which protect the feet and are easily fastened on by strings made of the same material, which pass between the great toe and the next one, run over the instep, and are tied around the ankle. All of this for less than one cent, and it makes a shoe which may last for a week or can be used for a thirty-mile walk.

One morning while our boat was lying at an-  
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chor in the canal near the town of Wang-Doo a Chinese friend came aboard with a present of a string of crabs. There were ten in the string, all alive, as they had been caught only a few hours before, all working their legs in the most vigorous manner, and spitting out foam and bubbles until the whole seemed to be covered with soapsuds. He held the string in his hand, and it consisted of four straws twisted together. The crabs were held as easily as if each had been tied with a piece of twine. In the same village you can literally see eggs sold by the yard. Each egg is held in a little oval made of straw. A twist at the end of each oval holds the strands tightly together, and thus the market man can hold up before your very eyes a string of eggs as long as your arm.

Walking along the banks of the canals, the harness with which the buffalo is hitched to the plow or to the water mill is probably of straw. The farmer's hat may be made of the same material; and in Japan the women working in the rice fields under the hot sun wear on their backs a straw mat or shield which covers almost the entire body and makes them look like snails crawling through the mud. In the same country the ox, who carries heavy burdens, toiling up the rocky mountain sides, instead of being shod

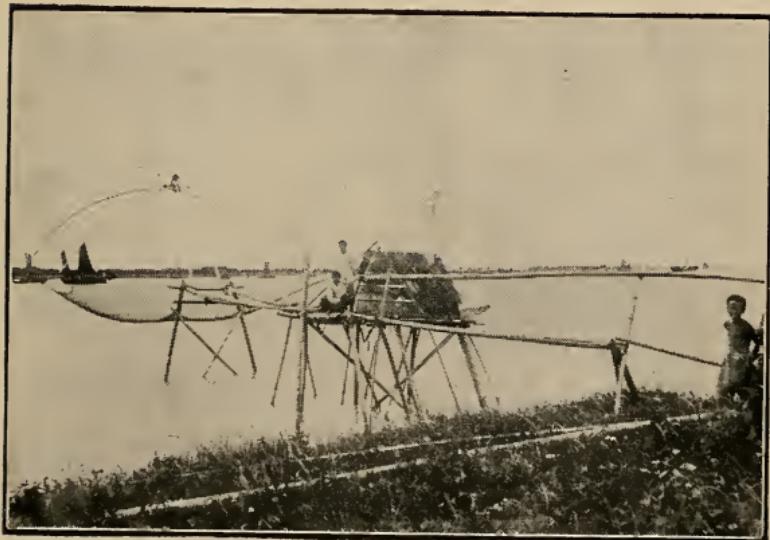
with iron as in Korea, has a straw shoe carefully bound by his owner over his feet to keep him from slipping.

Speaking of the rice field, either in China or Japan, the most interesting sight is that of the farmer, who on a rainy day is obliged to don his raincoat and continue the work of irrigating his fields. He looks for the world like a porcupine, for his wife has taken hundreds of straws, run a big needle with a strong thread or string through the butt ends, and has made this into a cape, which he fastens around his neck and perhaps another around his waist. Apart from the looks of the thing (for he looks like a hedgehog or the thatched roof of a house), the garment is as secure a waterproof as one made of rubber.

A fair quality of paper is made of straw, baskets for charcoal carried on the backs of mountaineers several days' journey, mats to sit on, mats to cover with (the latter much used by the beggars); food is cooked with straw by millions of Chinese, for they cannot afford any other fuel; chickens and pigs are tied with it as they are carried to market; and to cap the climax, the ingenious Chinese make traps with it with which to catch fleas. These traps consist of a little straw box with two or three straws split half in two leading up to the box from the floor, with the



CORMORANT FISHING.



FISHING IN STRAW HOUSES ON BAMBOO POLES.



white or inside of the split straws uppermost. The flea is fond of exercise and likes to jump on anything white. He leaps on the straw, which attracts him, makes another jump toward the box, and lands with his feet tangled up in the birdlime or glue which has been smeared on the edge of the box, and there he sticks like "Brer Rabbit" when he struck the "Tar Baby."

#### BAMBOO.

The bamboo in Oriental countries is more useful than any other substance. At all events it has a greater variety of uses. Oil jars are made out of it by cutting off a section and knocking out one or two of the joints. The ox (or water buffalo) which draws the water mill or grinds the millet is blinded by having a piece of curved bamboo placed over each eye while at work. The Chinaman and the Japanese as well as the Korean eat with chopsticks made of this substance, and, singularly enough, bamboo shoots are eaten by them. The latter must be cut when they are tender just as they appear above the ground. Boiled and cooked with a little milk, these shoots are a very palatable dish.

Bamboo implements and utensils are found on every farm, from the hoe handle and the rake

to the water pipes that help to irrigate the rice fields by bringing the water from some mountain stream or spring. Frequently the house and much of its furniture are made of bamboo. The family may sit on bamboo stools, eat off of a bamboo table with bamboo chopsticks (as already indicated), and hang their clothes on bamboo pegs or fold them away in a wardrobe made of the same material. If the farmer's son writes a letter, he does it with a camel's-hair brush fastened in a bamboo handle; if his daughter tries to fan out the flies or mosquitoes, she may do it with a bamboo fan (but they come back again, because they find a refuge near by in the bamboo grove which shades the house and beautifies the place); if her father is better off than most farmers and can afford it, she binds her feet to be admired by the young men of the neighborhood, and her feet are called the "waving bamboo" because they are supposed to be so graceful. Fortunately for the girl, this custom is going out of style.

Another custom which I am glad to say is a thing of the past is that of impaling a prisoner who has been condemned to die by fastening him on the ground over a bamboo shoot. At least this was one of the terrible modes of torture inflicted by heathen people. The shoot is so sharp as it comes out of the ground and grows so fast

that it will pass up through the body in a day or so if the victim is held to the ground during that time.

One of the interesting sights in a Chinese city is a traveling restaurant made of cane. This is carried on a man's back, being in two parts, each fastened on the end of a bamboo pole thrown across his shoulder. For two cents you can buy a bowl of soup, a mess of crawfish, a meal of rice, or a couple of eggs fried in oil. One of the most common sounds at night is the regular beat of the watchman with his stick on a hollow bamboo as he makes his rounds. This he does to scare away the thieves and to let his employer know that he is wide awake and that "all is well."

## XXI.

### THE STRAITS OF MALACCA.

THE southern tip of the continent of Asia is long and narrow like a finger pointing toward the south. Just below the end of this continental finger, and lying somewhat aslant across it, is the long island of Sumatra. The sea between these is called the Straits of Malacca, taking the name from the Malay Peninsula. Every steamer from China bound for London via the Suez Canal passes through these Straits, first stopping at Singapore on the Pacific side and then at Penang on the Indian Ocean side.

Leaving Hongkong, with its stately Victoria Peak lifted up into the sky far to the north, the beautiful sunsets on our right over Tongking and Cochin China and the lovely moonrises on our left toward the Philippines and the island of Borneo made the closing hours of the day very attractive as we stood on the deck watching the one go down and the other come up. It was the many lights twinkling along the shore that told us we were about to drop anchor near Singapore. The next morning we steamed into the inner har-

bor, with islands on every side of us covered with tropical verdure. We knew that we were within one hundred miles of the equator, but the deep, dark shade of palm and banana trees made the shores seem to be the most delightful of resting places.

We had hardly cast anchor off the pier before a half dozen canoes shot alongside with one or two boys in each, ready, like those at Honolulu, to dive for a small piece of silver and even for a penny. Throw as hard as we might, the coin would never get ten feet below the surface before one of these expert swimmers would catch and land it safely in his mouth. But the most amusing thing about these fellows was their playing a game of tennis on the water. A white rubber ball tossed from the paddle of the first boy would be caught on the paddle of the second, pitched to the third, struck back again, and so on, with as much ease as if they had been on their feet on mother earth.

How we wished for some way in which we could have carried home with us the beautiful shells and lovely coral which literally filled a canoe paddled from a neighboring island, where these specimens had just been found! It seemed as though every shape and every color had been utilized in the beautifying of these delicate little

houses which had been occupied by the denizens of the deep. One dollar in American money might have bought the lot, and possibly the canoe thrown in; but where could we have stowed them away?

A gharry ride to the Botanical Gardens is a treat every passenger enjoys. The gharry is a four-wheeled, closed carriage, with blinds instead of curtains in order to keep out the sun, but to let in the breeze. The pony is not larger than a Shetland, but is capable of any amount of travel, and does not seem to share the lazy look of the natives, who are content if they can get a dish of curry and some fruit and spend the day in the shade.

The Gardens are very extensive, carefully kept, and are supplied with trees and plants from almost every portion of the tropical world. There are royal palms from Cuba with their ostrich-like plumes, date palms from Arabia, sago palms from the South Sea Islands, the kauri pine from New Zealand with a leaf like the oleander but with the rough bark of the pine tree. The most beautiful of all was a bank of maidenhair fern, twenty feet long and four feet high; while the most startling and attractive was a great tree which is called the "Flame of the Forest." This is the Royal Poinciana from the island of Madagascar,

which fairly blazes like a flame of fire. Venus's flytrap is a little plant which is found in the swamps of North Carolina. It has two leaves or segments facing each other which are supplied with needles or spines. The moment a fly or insect lights upon this sensitive surface the leaves fold together, imprisoning the poor little unfortunate and sucking the very lifeblood out of him. Then the two halves, having completed their meal, open once more, get rid of the body of the victim, and are ready for another.

Two days' steaming around the end of the Malay Peninsula and we are at Penang. A shout from the captain just before we arrived called our attention to a fishing boat directly in our way, which would have been run down had our steamer not suddenly changed her course. As we swept by the fisherman put out his head, and we saw that he had been fast asleep and ignorant of the danger.

Only four hours' stop, but we make good use of it by pulling ashore in a curious little painted boat, with the bow turned up like the toe of a Turkish slipper and the stern divided into two parts like the tail and wings of a swallow. On our way to the wharf we passed a boat with at least four thousand cocoanuts on it, and in the fruit shops we saw men drinking the cocoanut

milk, which in the fresh cocoanut is sweet and nourishing. A run into the market gives us a peep at curious-looking white egg plants, the largest bamboo shoots we ever saw, great piles of ginger to be candied or made into preserves, and bushels of shrimp and shellfish. The tables for fish are made of tiles with grooves between them. Each table slants a little downward, so that tiny streams of water running out at the top can run along the grooves and keep the fish wet and cool. The funny thing about it all is that the Chinaman who sells the fish or shrimp sits on a block of wood in the middle of the table and seems not to care a fig for the water running under and about him.

Curious houses these Malay people live in, with roofs made of rushes or palm leaves, the sides of mats, and the whole thing on stilts of bamboo or wood so high above the ground that they have to go up a ladder to get into the house.

The way they dress is more curious still. The men frequently have red calico skirts wrapped around them, but with nothing on above the waist except a turban or a fez cap on the head. For an ornament one fellow had a ring on his big toe, and a woman, as if to offset him, in addition to the light shawl over her shoulders and head and the usual skirt, had bored a hole in the

side of her nose and fastened a silver brooch into it the size of a quarter of a dollar.

Returning to the wharf to catch our steamer, we passed tall mango trees on the right and the "Traveler's Palm" on the other side of the street. This is the most interesting palm of all. It received its name from the fact that when thirsty a traveler can climb to the top, cut off the stem, scoop out a hole, and in a few minutes find it full of water with which he can quench his thirst.

## XXII.

### JUGGLERS AND SNAKE CHARMERS.

THE island of Ceylon is like a pear in shape, hanging down in the Indian Ocean, with its stem toward the north and near the coast of India. The upper part of the pear is so near India that the strait between the two can almost be crossed on the shallow reef, which is called "Adam's Bridge." There is a mountain in the center of the island called "Adam's Peak." On this mountain, impressed in the rock, is Adam's foot. I suppose this gave the name to the mountain. He must have been a giant, for the impression of the foot shown in the Buddhist Dagoba at Kandy, the capital, is over a yard long. Eve must have been left behind when her husband came over here, because we hear nothing of her at all.

As our steamer passed through the magnificent breakwater and dropped anchor in the harbor of Colombo we realized how wise it was in the English government to build the sea wall of concrete which keeps the thundering billows of the Indian Ocean from interfering with this now quiet anchorage. Even the five boys on a raft

of four cocoanut logs, who came alongside singing a song and clapping their hands to keep time, did not have to guard themselves against the waves. But they were just as ready as those of Singapore and Honolulu to dive for a piece of money. They must have had a thriving business, for into this crossroads of the East Indies there are steamers from England, France, Germany, Australia, Arabia, China, and Japan. Who would have thought that a little island only 270 miles long and 140 miles broad, occupied at one time by wild tribes called the Veddas, would furnish one of the world's great ports with its banks, hotels, churches, schools, street cars, automobiles, and everything else that goes to make up a city?

We had not been at our hotel on the beach half an hour before the jugglers and snake charmers came on the lawn to amuse the guests. The first fellow, instead of being a fire eater, professed to be able to kindle a fire inside of him. Like the others, he was tall, lean, hollow-eyed, black-skinned, with a turban on his head and nothing on his body above his waist. He now hops on one foot and then on the other in an unaccountable way. No one knows what is going to happen. His movements get quicker; he puts his hand on his stomach as if in pain, with his

eyes almost starting from his head, and then, bending over toward the gentleman who was sitting on the steps nearest to him, you really begin to see the smoke coming out of his mouth and nose. He straightens up and seems to feel better. Then he bends over again, and there comes another puff of smoke. The man seems actually to be on fire and needs a bucket of water poured into him to put it out. This goes on for some time, and then without a word all of a sudden the smoke ceases, the fire goes out, and the juggler, immensely relieved, passes his hat for some coin.

A second man comes up on the porch, squats down on the hard floor, gets out his few little things, and goes to work. Many are the wonderful things he does. But I will describe only one of the most interesting. A pile of sand, enough to fill a hat, is poured out upon the floor. He beats the sand with a rag doll, which squeaks and groans. He then talks to the doll in some sort of jargon we cannot understand, and the doll seems to give its orders to the sand, after which the latter is covered with a cloth. The juggler's arms and body are bare, so that he cannot introduce anything under that cloth without our seeing it. The sand had all been spread out before it was heaped up, so we knew there was

nothing in that. He extends one hand, lifts up a corner of the cloth, peeps under it, gets off some more of his mysterious words, looks delighted, throws off the cloth, and there is a little green leaf which has just pushed its way up through the sand. We all believe the leaf is simply stuck down there, and see nothing remarkable about it. The cloth goes on again, the doll receives a beating and dances around like a sprite, the cloth is rising up, and when he throws it off a second time a little shoot has come up, with several fresh leaves on it. On goes the cloth again, and then off for the third and last time, after which we see it rise up, and now we rub our eyes with amazement, for a little mango tree has actually grown up out of the sand and is standing there a foot high. One gentleman cries out: "I bet it is only a stem and has no root." The juggler understands enough English to pull up the tree and show the half dozen roots which had spread themselves through the sand. Then his triumph was complete, and all agreed that he had earned his money.

The snake charmer was the third man, and remained out on the lawn. First, he gave an exhibition of a little boy who could twist himself into all sorts of shapes, making two loops by crossing his hands and feet and then passing

his feet and legs over his head and around his arms until you wondered if he would ever get straight again. Then bending his head down toward his heels until they almost touched, the man lifted the boy up in mid-air, balanced him on the end of a bamboo stuck in the middle of his back, and while still bent over backward gradually raised the boy high above our heads until the lower end of the bamboo stood on the juggler's chin. This done, he walked about on the grass until he was ready to lower his burden amid the applause of those who saw it.

A basket at his feet was opened and showed a large snake curled up. He struck the snake, when it shot up its head and body, at the same time spreading a kind of hood about its neck and head. This was the deadly cobra. He struck it again, and it struck back at him, being very angry. Getting out a little flageolet, he played softly, when the snake relaxed its hood and sank back in the basket perfectly still. The cobra is the deadliest serpent in India and Ceylon. In the temples one frequently sees an image of Buddha with the cobra erect behind it with its head and hood arching over the image. This grows out of a tradition that Buddha while in the forest was protected by the snake, and so the Buddhist holds it in great reverence. Along the roads on

this island large ant-hills are pointed out with one or two holes near the base. The natives say this snake, finding the ant-hill a place to his liking, makes his home there whether the ants want him or not.

Our snake charmer on the lawn now opens a bag, and out comes a little four-footed animal, with a long, narrow head, tapering nose, and sharp teeth. It is the mongoose, the fiercest enemy of the cobra. While he is held by the cord tied around his neck, the charmer strikes the snake several times, angers him, and then pulls up the mongoose. The latter, not one bit afraid, flies at the cobra, and as quick as a flash fastens his teeth in the snake's under jaw. It takes a sharp lick to separate them, for they roll over on the grass in deadly combat. The mongoose runs back into his bag, still showing his teeth, and the charmer plays on his flageolet with all his might until the venomous serpent is safely covered with the top of the basket. It is a rare sight, but one does not care to see it a second time.

## XXIII.

### BUDDHA'S TOOTH.

IN the city of Kandy, which is seventy-five miles by rail from Colombo, there stands the Maligawa Temple, which is supposed to contain Buddha's tooth. Ordinarily the tooth cannot be seen, as it is held by a lotus flower of pure gold, hidden under seven bell-shaped metal shrines, each shrine being set with jewels and precious stones of great value. Once a year, and sometimes on great festival occasions, the tooth is brought out and carried through the streets in a shrine under a canopy on the back of an elephant.

This sacred object was brought from India to Ceylon nearly 1,700 years ago by the Princess of Kalinga, who hid it in the folds of her hair. Nearly 700 years ago the Malabars carried it back to India, after which it was once more restored to Ceylon and hidden away. A few years after Columbus discovered America the Portuguese found the tooth and took it to Goa, where it was burned by the Archbishop in the presence of the Viceroy and his court. Another was soon manufactured out of a piece of ivory two inches

long and less than an inch thick. This is what is now in the temple at Kandy, and is the object of worship which attracts devotees from every part of the Buddhist world.

Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, was born in India nearly 500 years before Christ. He was a prince and lived like any other man of wealth and power who had never given any serious thought to life here or hereafter. One day he began to think so seriously about the evil, the pain, and the sorrow of this world that he resolved to give up his kingdom and his home and become a wanderer far away from the haunts of men. In the hours of his loneliness and self-denial he thought out his philosophy of life. It was this: All existence involves pain and suffering, all suffering is caused by desire, the cessation of suffering will follow the extinction of desire, and the extinction of desire will be accomplished by perseverance in the eightfold path —namely, right beliefs, right resolves, right speech, right work, right livelihood, right training, right-mindfulness, and right mental concentration.

Some of these things sound very good, but how are we to accomplish them unless some person greater than ourselves can give us the power to do it? Then the end of it all, with Gautama's

reasoning, was to think and concentrate yourself into Nirvana, which means extinction of the life of the body and of the life of the soul. This would be going out into outer darkness and utter nothingness.

Buddhism was once the great religion of India, but now there are only 9,000,000 in that country. It is much stronger in Ceylon, Siam, China, and Japan, where it is most active. It made us sad at heart to see the poor devotees, most of them old men and women, bowing down before a shrine which contained nothing but the imitation of a tooth, and it looks, it is said, more like that of a crocodile than that of a man. And yet there they were, burning candles and incense, offering basketfuls of beautiful white jasmine flowers which filled the air with fragrance, and bending low as they kneeled upon the hard stone pavement, repeating in an undertone praises to "Lord Buddha." Two of the women were pilgrims who had come by land and sea from far-away Burma to make their offerings to and receive blessings from this miserable relic.

Bishop Thoburn states the case very clearly when he says that Christianity teaches all of the moral virtues of Buddhism and fills up its awful vacancy with a living, personal God. He adds: "Christianity has a Saviour; Budhism casts each

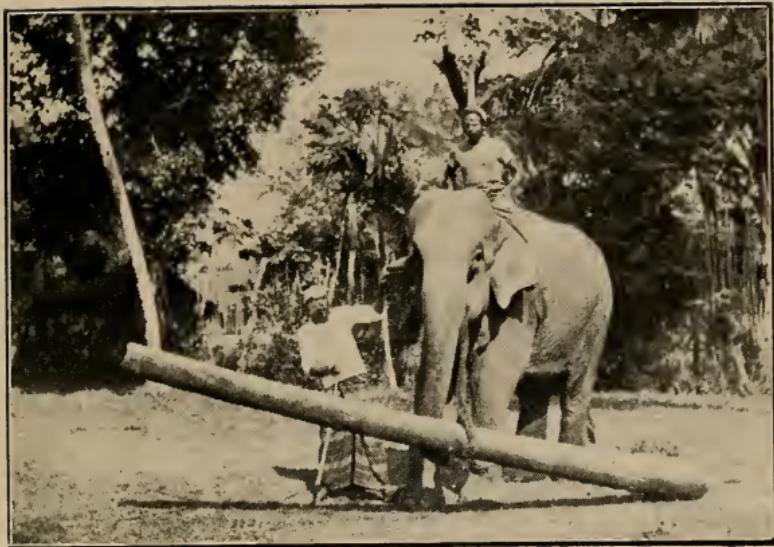
individual upon his own helplessness. Christianity is a revelation of hope; Buddhism, a religion of despair. Gautama offers only death; Christ offers life and immortality."

There are several very large elephants belonging to this temple which can be seen every afternoon having a bath in the river. It is a pity that more of the followers of Gautama did not follow their example. Late one evening I saw two of these elephants grazing about in the inclosure across the street from the temple and almost under the great bo tree, in the shade of which Gautama had his seat in the forest.

These animals are so intelligent and so strong that anything concerning them seems interesting. Bishop Wilson says he has seen them at work in the sawmills of Burma, rolling logs and lifting timbers with as much sense and with far more ease than the men. On this island they are trained to drive wild elephants into the kraal. Once in the inclosure, the tame elephants go in among the wild ones, help the hunters to tie the hind legs of their big companions to the trees, and then will go on each side of a captured animal and rub and pet him with their trunks until he becomes quiet.

In the museum at Colombo is a huge stone lion on the back of which was placed the throne

of one of the native kings (or chiefs) of Ceylon. A few years ago the attempt was made to bring this lion, which weighs many tons, from the ruins of the old city down to Colombo. It was so heavy the bottom of the wagon fell out, and it seemed impossible to move it any farther. Elephants were secured and made to understand what was needed. They went to work with a will, and pulled so hard that they pulled the second wagon in two. A third, stouter than the others, was prepared, and then it was found that the bridges over the rivers were not strong enough, for the elephants would put their front feet on each bridge, shake it, and then, tossing up their trunks, refuse to go forward. A road had to be built down the bank of the river and another on the opposite side, when the elephants willingly enough, and as though they took a real interest in the enterprise, pulled the lion through the river, up the bank, and out on the other side. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Buddhist priests who, with their red and yellow robes, throng the Maligawa Temple like to have these great animals join in the processions during the religious festivals when the tooth of Lord Buddha is to be carried from the shrine through the streets of the capital of Ceylon.



ELEPHANT AT WORK.



TEMPLE OF BUDDHA'S TOOTH.



## XXIV.

### OCEAN ISLAND.

A TRAVELER occasionally meets up with people who have had wonderful experiences. On our steamer I was introduced to a square-shouldered, burly-looking, freckle-faced, red-headed passenger, who bore the name of Captain Walkup. He looked a sailor, every inch of him; but he had scarcely spoken before I discovered in his hearty grasp of the hand and friendly smile that he had a big heart in spite of his freckles. He turned out to be the captain of the famous Morning Star. This is the well-known missionary ship which has sailed and steamed among thousands of the little coral islands in the South Seas, has carried food, clothes, and medicine to many a lonely missionary, and has had hairbreadth escapes from hurricanes and—what is far more to be dreaded—cannibals.

It was not long before I got the Captain started on the story of his missionary journeyings, and soon my interest was centered upon Ocean Island, 250 miles west of the Gilbert group. A

good many years ago a number of islanders were driven by a storm upon the shore of this lone sentinel, their canoes were wrecked, and they were left high and dry for life. Here they remained almost without clothing, eking out an existence by fishing and sheltering themselves from the sun under the shadow of the rocks or such primitive huts as they were able to build out of wreckage and grass, for there were no trees on the island. The heat was almost insupportable, as they were nearly under the equator. Sometimes it does not rain for two years, and they nearly perished for lack of water, having to be very careful of the water that had been collected during the rainy season in the hollow of the rocks, in caves where it trickled down through the earth, or in rude cisterns fashioned with their hands and with sharpened sticks or fish bones. No people could have been poorer or more miserable.

In addition to all this, their wickedness and that of white men brought on other troubles. They got to drinking and learned the use of firearms, for both liquor and guns were supplied by the whalers who would occasionally visit the island. Things went from bad to worse until Captain Walkup says almost every child born on the island had died; and though the inhabit-

ants had multiplied until there were 400, they were now rapidly diminishing. Then the Morning Star hove in sight, ran up its flag, and offered to leave a missionary worker who could not only point them to Christ but teach them how to plant vegetables, build better houses, and make life more tolerable.

The story of God's love and the mission of Jesus Christ to redeem man from his cruelty, sin, and shame was so new that it seemed to have come straight out of the heavens. The simple islanders listened and wondered, and then with tears rolling down their cheeks confessed their ignorance, their sin, and their need, and accepted Christ as their Saviour. A wonderful transformation took place. They fished with more diligence, they put on neat cotton shirts which the missionaries taught them how to make out of cloth brought on the Morning Star, they learned to read out of simple little primers made for them by their teachers, built a schoolhouse and a church, and asked that they might have the privilege of supporting their own pastor. This I thought was hardly short of marvelous, after the Captain told me, with a shrug of his shoulders, that they had been in the habit of killing every man who drifted on the shore from other islands. The women and children were

saved, if there were any in the canoes, but the men were sacrificed.

And now comes another part of the story, which is scarcely less astonishing. The missionaries discovered that what seemed to be a bare rock was phosphate of lime, which is very valuable as a fertilizer. This deposit is over twenty-five feet deep, and it was calculated there were at least 18,000,000 tons of the phosphate which could be mined, shipped, and sold in countries far distant, where the soil needed to be enriched. It was a mine of wealth. These islanders, who for several hundred years had nothing to make clothes out of, not enough water to drink, and with difficulty caught enough fish to eat, were almost as rich as if they had the greatest diamond mine in the world. The Captain said, with a wink of his right eye and a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder: "You will hardly believe it, but there is a steamer following us now with 1,000 tons of that phosphate on board, and she is bound for Kobe, Japan." To my surprise, I learned that the Japanese Mitsu Bishi Steamship Company was sending to those islanders once every month a vessel to bring to their own shores what is so much needed to enrich their country.

Ocean Island is now a beehive of activity. There are 100 white men and over 500 natives

brought from the Gilbert Islands who are at work in the phosphate beds. About 1,000 tons a day are dug up and prepared for shipment. Around the little whitewashed cottages there grow flowers and vines, the latter bearing cucumbers and melons of every sort. Trees have been planted, and by the use of rain water gathered in the tanks, which the white men have shown them how to build, the whole face of the island is being transformed. You may count 130 children with books in hand trudging along every day up to the schoolhouse. On Saturday afternoon work stops that the laborers may have a little recreation, for this is in the hottest zone of the world, and Sunday is a day of absolute rest because almost every islander has become a consistent Christian. This surely is an illustration of being lifted by the gospel from darkness into light and from heathenism into the life which God gives the world through faith in Jesus Christ.

Captain Walkup says that Pleasant Island, far to the east, has had a history much the same as this one. If anything, the islanders were more wicked and cruel. There were only 1,500 people, and these were made up of fourteen tribes that were at war with each other all the time. The island was divided up between these tribes, and

a man belonging to one could not cross the line into the territory of another. They were constantly killing each other with clubs set with fish teeth, which tore the flesh, or they would pierce each other through and through with sharp javelins made of fish bones hooked at the end. Sometimes captured children were strung together by running these long fish bones through their ears, and the old people were beaten to death because they could not work.

While walking on the shore one day an Englishman, who was an escaped convict and had been on the island for forty years, ran out of the bushes and urged the Captain to bring some missionaries on the Morning Star. He had just lost a son, who had been clubbed to death by the savages, and he was sick at heart. "I am tired of the whole thing," said he, "and wish you would open a Christian school and help these people to live a better life." A native teacher was sent who remained seven years. He was supported by the Union Church in Honolulu, which we saw on our way to Japan. The result of his work and of others is 700 Church members or 1,000 in the Sunday morning congregation gathered in the beautiful little church which they have built with their own hands. Behold what God hath wrought!

## XXV.

### THE ROOF OF ASIA.

DURING our trip from Nashville to San Francisco I had occasion to write about "The Roof of the Continent," for the Rockies may be so styled. We had no idea at that time that we would have the privilege of standing on the "Roof of Asia," which is the highest view point in the world. The Himalaya Mountains, which run nearly east and west, form the great ridge (or divide) from which China slopes to the east, Russia to the west, and India to the south. From the melting snows of this and kindred ranges rise the Yang-tse River, emptying into the Pacific; the Ganges, which feeds the Indian Ocean; and the Indus, with its mouth in the Bay of Bengal.

Boarding a train at Calcutta one evening, we traveled all that night almost due north, and in the morning found ourselves still in the midst of rice fields, palm trees, and groves of bananas. At 9 o'clock, after we had had some breakfast, we changed to the "Climber." This is a little train traveling on a two-foot track, with cars that seem made for play instead of travel, for each passen-

ger coach holds from six to eight people only, except in the third-class, where they were packed like sardines.

We started off on level ground, and were inclined to poke fun at our little locomotive, which fairly seemed to dance along the track, and hardly took seriously to the fact that it had to pull us all day long up mountain sides which would have taxed a horse to travel. But it was not long before we came to have profound respect for the engine and the Scotch engineer, who seemed a part of each other. Our car was the second in the train, and it was a constant temptation to stick our heads out of the windows and see what the locomotive was about. It puffed and blew and twisted, shaking itself from side to side as we zigzagged along and rounded short curves until we thought surely we should be landed in some deep valley far below; but it always kept the track and constantly climbed higher and higher.

One of the most interesting points on the road is the "Loop." Here the mountain was so steep that, finding it impossible to go on, the engineer so constructed the road as to make it pass over itself and wind in a spiral around an adjacent hilltop in order to get high enough to reach another level in the mountains. It made me think of a point on the Southern Pacific Railroad in California, between

Los Angeles and San Francisco, where the constructing engineer was at his wit's end, when his little boy, who was with him, asked: "Father, why don't you make the road cross itself like the loop of a string?" He caught the idea at once and worked out the problem just as it has been done here.

From this elevation we looked almost straight below us 2,000 feet, where lie the jungles of grass, matted vines, ferns, and tropical growth in which the deadly cobra is found and the royal Bengal tiger still roams at large. It is said that a missionary, passing through the jungle on his way to a native village, had one of these snakes to twist himself into the wheel of his bicycle. You may imagine it did not take long for that missionary to dismount and get rid of his unwelcome companion. In the Zoölogical Garden at Calcutta we saw a magnificent tiger of unusual size and strength having his dinner off of a big piece of beef. As he crunched the bone between his teeth we were glad he was behind the iron bars, for we were told that he was a man-eater from these very jungles and had disposed of at least two hundred men, women, and children.

As we climb into the region of cloud we find ourselves in the midst of tea plantations. From the little evergreen shrubs, planted in rows and

diagonals, the buds and tender leaves are picked by women and children, dried, and shipped from Calcutta to England, Europe, and almost every part of the world. The farms are on hillsides so steep that in many places the tea pickers have almost to hold on with one hand while they pick with the other. And yet here and there you see tiny little thatched huts belonging to the laborers that seem to swing in mid-air. While the front door is level with the ground, one might toss a pebble out of the back window 1,000 feet down the mountains. It would be a dangerous place for one to live who was in the habit of walking in his sleep. It was not far from here that a Mrs. Lee and her husband, both missionaries, had left their children to go to school while they continued their work in Calcutta. The house was supposed to be in a secure place, as there was a good foundation and a yard of fair size; but under the heavy rains which poured down in torrents during the monsoon (or wet season) there was a landslide (or avalanche) which swept down with terrific force, burying the house and the inmates under tons of earth and rock. A telegram was sent to the parents, who traveled night and day, walking miles at a stretch over roads which had been torn up by the mountain torrents; but they reached the spot only in time to hear the





800.

J. BURLINGTON SMITH,  
CALCUTTA.

KIN-CHIN-JUNGA.

oldest boy tell the story before he died. The workmen had dug him out, but the others were beyond their reach.

At last we are on the summit of the range over which we have been climbing all day. The beautiful Kinchinjunga bursts upon our view. It soars like a snow palace in the upper clouds 28,-156 feet above the level of the sea. The sun is setting in the far West and lights up with rosy hue each dome and pinnacle until, like some celestial city let down, it looks as though it were all to be lifted up again into the heavens. We saw Fujiyama, in Japan, 12,365 feet high. You could add a second Fuji, placing it on top of the first, making 24,000 feet, and still Kinchinjunga would require 4,000 more to measure its height. Not one peak alone, but several over 24,000 feet, lift up their heads as they tower above the plains of India, the table-lands of Tibet, and even the roof itself of the great Asiatic continent. And Mount Everest is the highest of them all. As we gazed and gazed, I could not help repeating to myself those beautiful words of David in the twenty-fourth Psalm:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;  
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;  
And the King of glory shall come in.  
Who is this King of glory?  
The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.





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